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The Worst of Two Worlds

THE Government's White Paper on Defence has been received by most of the national press with remarkable indifference. Apparently it is assumed in Fleet Street that the British public has become inured since 1950 to this crushing burden and will accept uncritically whatever further demands are made upon it in the name of military preparedness. We believe that the Labour Party will be gravely mistaken to underrate the intelligence of the British people in this way. If it is to speak for the country, it must submit this unsatisfactory document to searching examination and expose the absurdities of what goes by the name of British Defence policy.

The first thing to notice is that, though rearmament has been slashed by Mr. Churchill—it is now running below the level of Mr. Attlee's first £3,600 m. programme—the cost of the armed forces is still rising. At £1,496,760,000, the 1953 Defence Estimates are some £60 m. higher than last year's, even after allowance is made for a larger allocation of dollar aid. This increase is due partly to rising costs and improved pay, and partly to soaring expenditure on transporting and maintaining the eleven divisions overseas. In 1952, Kenya was added to our commitments in Germany, Malaya, Korea and the Middle East; and if Mr. Lyttelton has his way, Central Africa may be requiring troops before very long.

This no doubt explains the important section of the White Paper which deals with the call-up. The present National Service Act expires next autumn. The Government intends to lay before Parliament a Bill to extend it for five years. The two-year period is to be maintained, and in future conscripts are to be liable, for five years after their Territorial service ends, to re-call in an emergency.

Now the two-year call-up was part of the panic rearmament undertaken on the assumption that World War III had begun in Korea. It was justified as an emergency measure, designed to set an example to the countries of the Commonwealth and Western Europe. It is now clear that our example will not be followed. Australia and New Zealand have introduced a 14-week call-up: the rest of the Commonwealth nothing at all. In Western Europe eighteen months is the norm. Furthermore, the European conscript only serves at home (the French campaign in Indo-China is manned exclusively by Regulars), whereas the British National Service men form the bulk of our overseas armies. Indeed, for the last twelve months every active division in the British Army has been serving overseas, and the strategic reserve at home has ceased to exist. If we are setting an example to our allies, it is an example of strategic lunacy.

Economically, the Government's manpower policy is equally disastrous. The White Paper very properly justifies the slash in rearmament with the argument that "if we overstrain ourselves too greatly, we shall by economic collapse give the Communists a bloodless victory." But rearmament—which before it was scaled down had already cost us many of our engineering export markets—is only one aspect of the problem. The other is the effect of our overseas military commitments on the dollar gap. At present these commitments are costing us about £140 m. annually, mostly in dollars; and, if the Bonn Agreements are signed and the Germans stop paying Occupation costs, this expenditure will be more than doubled.

Ever since 1945, Britain has been trying to maintain a position as a greater Power than she can afford to be. The Attlee rearmament programme was merely the fantastic climax of a process of wishful military thinking. Mr. Churchill has been forced to slash that programme. But, characteristically, he is seeking to maintain all our overseas military commitments. Instead of cutting the manpower in our Forces to the number we can afford to equip, he is cutting the equipment, while maintaining the manpower undiminished. In order to keep up appearances as a Great Power, we maintain the two-year call-up. We keep our men at arms all over the world, but save money on the arms.

Unfortunately, however, the British arms industry has already been expanded far beyond our economic resources. What is to happen to those of its products which we can no longer afford, now that our own rearmament expenditure has been slashed?

Mr. Churchill's answer is simple. The Centurions and Jets, with which Mr. Attlee planned to re-equip the British Forces, are being sold by Mr. Churchill for dollars to Sweden, Switzerland, Belgium and the U.S., and the obsolescent armaments, which the members of N.A.T.O. will not accept, are auctioned off in Latin America and the Middle East. If we cannot afford to re-equip our own forces, we can at least keep our factories running by setting off an armaments race between the Jews and the Arabs. And Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, speaking officially for the Government, can justify this action on the ground that it is "financially profitable."

It will be argued by some that these are regrettable but unavoidable consequences of the Cold War. Faced with the menace of Communism, Britain must be prepared to make sacrifices—sacrifices, even of principle. If the Government has to rely on the "merchants of death" to bridge the trade gap, is not that a small sacrifice for the sake of preparedness? If our trade with Russia and China is now regulated under the Battle Act by the American Congress, is not this a reasonable political concession in exchange for military assistance in dollars? If all our young men, from the age of 18 to the age of 29, must either be serving in the Forces or liable to re-call at short notice, is not that an obligation which we are entitled to impose upon them in order to set a glorious example to our sluggish allies? Mr. Churchill may answer these rhetorical questions in the rhetorical affirmative. But if Socialism means anything, the Labour Party's answer must be "No."

European Defence in the Balance

In Rome, this week, the junior members of the Six Power conference—Signor De Gasperi, M. Van Zeeland and Dr. Beyen—were working hard to prevent the E.D.C. project's foundering completely in a collision between French and German views. Apart from the insistence by France that settlement of the Saar problem must be a preliminary condition to ratification of the Bonn Agreements, the French draft protocols to the E.D.C. Treaty were difficult for Dr. Adenauer to sell to the Bundestag. Not yet officially published, but widely "leaked," they appeared to provide that France should have considerable "special rights"—to withdraw troops at her discretion from the European Army for overseas purposes, to have exclusive control over transfers of French personnel between E.D.C. and French national units, to maintain her voting strength in E.D.C. irrespective of the number of allocated French troops, and to retain effective control of the French national armament industry. In short, France was substantially rescinding her original offer to abandon sovereignty over her own forces in the interests of the European Community.

This put Dr. Adenauer in a real difficulty. If he were to agree that the French army must be to this considerable extent "national," what answer could he make to his own nationalists, whose objections to E.D.C. have always been that the new Wehrmacht would not be under exclusive German sovereignty? The Rome talks have averted an overt "break-down": the *mot d'ordre* is that all the Governments will "support" the E.D.C. project in their Parliaments, and the French protocols—significantly re-titled as "interpretative texts"—will be studied further in committee. This may please Congress, but it will not satisfy the Gaullists; and the chances of ratification of the Treaty by both Bundestag and Assembly are still problematic. Already, alternative ideas to E.D.C. are being aired—the inclusion of Western Germany in N.A.T.O., or even the formation of a "Grand Alliance," to include national German forces.

The Austrian Elections

Pessimistic forecasts that the Austrian general election would weaken the present Coalition in favour of the extreme wings—more particularly on the Right—have been belied by the results of last Sunday's voting. The Communist and fellow-travelling People's Opposition won a few thousand more votes, but lost one of the five seats which it held in the old Parliament. The near-Fascist League of Independents, which had made a strong bid for the votes not merely of *Volksdeutsche* refugees but of the Right-wing supporters of the Catholic People's Party, actually polled 16,000 less votes than in 1949 and retained only fourteen out of the sixteen seats previously held. Thus the Coalition of People's Party and Social-Democrats comes back with 147 seats, against 143. The People's Party secured 65,000 fewer votes and lost two seats, while the Socialists, whose total poll was up by nearly 200,000 and exceeds that of the People's Party, has 73 seats—only one less than the People's Party—in comparison with 67. Before the election, the Right-wing leaders of the People's Party had been talking of the possible formation of a new Coalition which would exclude the Socialists. This now seems hardly to be practical politics. What remains to be seen is how far the strengthened position of the Socialists will enable them to modify the harsh deflationary policy on which the People's Party, under its ex-Heimwehr leader, Julius Raab, has set its course.

Coal Prices and Supplies

The National Coal Board has had two unpalatable bits of news to impart: on March 1 pit-head prices are to rise by ten per cent. (an average increase of 5s. 6d. per ton), and Sir Hubert Houldsworth has issued a warning that, unless 1953 output rises by five million tons, there will not be enough coal to maintain even the present rate of export and to build up stocks to a "safe" figure before next winter. The latest increase will raise the average pit-head price to about 63s., as compared with 17s. in 1938; but there can be no disputing the necessity for the Board's decision—unwelcome as the consequent increase may be in steel and other manufacturing costs. The new prices are designed to yield an extra £43m. of revenue this year. This, of course, is much more than enough to cover the rise of 1s. a shift recently granted the day-wage men, at an estimated cost of about 8d. a ton on current output; but, apart from the accumulated deficit of £6m. at the end of 1951, the N.C.B.'s working in 1952 seems likely to show a substantial loss. Furthermore, it is problematic whether it will be possible this year to maintain, for exports, the differential prices (about 25s. a ton over home prices) which have helped in the past to subsidise domestic consumption.

As for prospective supplies, the additional week's holiday this year will cost 3½ million tons, and the Coronation holiday another million, while it is estimated that home consumption may rise by 500,000 tons, after last year's drop of 2½ million tons. The Board is planning intensive propaganda for higher output; but it is by no means certain that exhortation on these lines will of itself offset the influence of the factors—high proportion of new entrants and, in some areas, shortage of face room—which made last year for a slight setback in output per manshift. It has to be realised that the fruits of mechanisation—coal cutters and conveyor belts—have now been largely enjoyed. On a long-term view, larger output must depend mainly on development, just as a reduction of costs can be secured only by gradual concentration on the more economic pits. It has to be remembered that the last 5 per cent. of the coal currently extracted costs, on an average, nearly 25s. a ton more than the proceeds of its sale. The finances of the N.C.B. would look much healthier if this marginal output could be eliminated.

Mond-Turnerism Revived

Sir Walter Monckton on Wednesday put before his National Joint Advisory Council what is left of his Party's much-trumpeted proposal for an "Industrial Charter." The Charter, in the form in which it first emerged from the deliberations of the Conservative Party, was to be a legally enforceable code of workers' rights—the foundation for a new era of partnership between capital and labour. All that has now gone by the board: there is to be no legislation, but merely, if all goes according to plan, a joint declaration of good intentions with no legal force. In effect, what the proposed Charter amounts to in its attenuated form is a renewed "Mond-Turner" proclamation of mutual goodwill, which seems likely to be of about the same minimal value. As for double-shift working, which Sir Walter Monckton is also pressing on the unions, the response made to the proposal last week, when it was put before a conference convened by the Cotton Board, shows that it is likely to have a rough passage, not because the unions are altogether opposed to it, but because they claim the right to consider each case on its merits, and not to be rushed into a general acceptance that would give employers a free hand. Opinion is sharply divided about the effects of the system on home life, as well as about its economic advantages; and though the national need for higher exports is generally accepted, the question is whether, if more were produced by shift working, more could be sold in the present state of the markets at home and abroad.

Local Rates Dilemma

Local authorities are now beginning to announce their proposed rates for the coming year; and it is not at all surprising that most of them have to face the need for substantial increases. Proposed increases of round about 2s in the £1 seem to be frequent in the Counties, and the West Riding's rate is due to go up by 3s. The

County Boroughs seem to be similarly placed, and the smaller authorities are not likely to be in any better position. The main sources of the increases are rising costs for wages and materials and higher expenditure on education, despite economies. The Civil Estimates show the Chancellor of the Exchequer able to transfer his increased spending, or a substantial part of it, to the consuming public by cutting the food subsidies. The local authorities have no such means of escaping the effects of rising costs and have to put the increase on the rates. These, as a consequence of the unfortunate de-rating of industry, have become more than ever inequitable; they press very heavily on the householders, who are also hit by the Government's cuts in subsidies and removals of price controls. Nor have the local authorities the benefit of a normal rise in rateable values; for restrictions on rents and on new buildings (except Council houses, in which they make a loss, and de-rated industrial premises) have prevented these values from rising as they would otherwise have done. It is easy to tell the local authorities they ought to cut their services; but how can they? Are they to slow down still further the implementation of the 1944 Education Act, or to let the roads get further out of repair, or to stop building houses? So large a part of their expenditure is nowadays practically fixed for them by national policy that there is little they can do, except cheese-pare at the expense of a few important, but unconventional, services, which cost relatively little and suffer damage quite out of proportion to the savings achieved.

Deserters Pardoned

The decision to grant an amnesty to wartime deserters as part of the Coronation jollifications is a belated act of common sense. Last year only twenty-nine deserters were rounded up; efforts by the police to track men down had become singularly unrewarding. The numbers now amnestied amount, on paper, to nearly 13,000—the great bulk being deserters from the Army. It would clearly, however, be an error to suppose that anything like these numbers represent men positively still "on the run." Many of those unaccounted for must be dead, while many more will have either emigrated or succeeded in establishing for themselves fresh, settled lives under a new name.

WASHINGTON

Un-American Voices

A Correspondent writes: The new Congress is already getting into its investigatory stride. This week it has voted $300,000 to the House Un-American Committee—the largest grant it has ever been given for one year. Much of this, according to the Committee chairman, Mr. Velde, will be used to search out Communists in schools and universities. Meanwhile, from his vantage point as chairman of the Senate Permanent Investigating Sub-committee, Senator McCarthy has already begun to register his first successes in the new season. He is currently pursuing the "Voice of America"—which has never been popular among Republicans in Congress—and thereby serving notice that the advent of a Republican Administration will not stop his vendetta against the State Department.

His first victory was to secure a State Department ruling that the "Voice" may not in any circumstances quote from the writings of "controversial" authors accused of Communism or fellow-travelling. The occasion for this decision was the Senator's discovery that quotations from Howard Fast were being beamed across the Atlantic. Some "Voice" officials had thought that favourable comments on American life by Communists would have more impact on foreign Communists than routine eulogies by "hundred per cent. Americans." This is now to stop, and, in addition, books by such authors must be removed from the shelves of libraries maintained overseas by the U.S. Information Service. Mr. Morton, head of the "Voice" New York office, has been suspended for "disagreeing".

Secondly, McCarthy has secured the reinstatement of a State Department security agent, Mr. John Matson, who had been supplying the Senator with information about his colleagues. Mr. Matson was demoted, according to his superior, because the staff in the department in which Mr. Matson had worked "became so afraid that it could not do its work properly." Thirdly, the Senator has forced the State Department to withdraw an instruction authorising employees to refuse to talk to McCarthy's investigators unless the Senator was himself present. Each of these successes shows the new strength that Senator McCarthy has gained by the Republican victory last November. He is no longer an outsider, trying to attract attention to himself and to use Senate machinery controlled by men who disliked him. He is now chairman of a key committee, and he clearly intends to exploit his power to the limit.

DELHI

Troubled Kashmir

An Indian Correspondent writes: The five-day debate on the President's address was a routine affair, with the exception of an angry debate on the situation in Jammu. The not-so-passive resistance organised by the Praja Parishad of Jammu started last November. So far, eleven men have been killed, hundreds injured and nearly a thousand imprisoned. The agitation, which seeks the abrogation of an agreement signed between the two Governments last July, has caused more embarrassment to the Indian than to the Kashmir Government, for if its political demands were conceded, India's case before the United Nations would be seriously prejudiced. The Right-wing parties, the Hindu Mahasabha, Jana Sangha and the Sikh Akalis have been fully exploiting its propaganda value and have been sustaining it with men and money.

The unrest stems from the 1947 transfer of power from the hands of the Hindu Dogras of Jammu to those of Muslims of the valley. Dogras, who numbered about 500,000 out of the State's population of four million, had ruled Kashmir for nearly a century. They promptly joined the R.S.S. (Hindu extremist) gangs and drove thousands of Muslims out of Jammu. Only the stern restraint exercised by Sheikh Abdullah and other leaders of the National Conference prevented the Muslims of the valley from retaliating. When the R.S.S. was outlawed, it re-emerged as the Praja Parishad. They say in Kashmir: "A snake can cast off its slough but not its poison."

The dissolution of the State army and the land reforms introduced by the Abdullah Government hit the Dogras of Jammu, for the army had always been their monopoly. The Government tried to compensate them by retaining large numbers in the National militia. In the militia there are two Dogras to every Muslim, but the loss of privileges, such as the keeping of arms without licence, caused a lot of hard feelings. The abolition of landlordism benefited the tillers, who were mainly Muslim, at the expense of Hindu landlords, and, in addition, the Muslims became owners of the fertile land in the valley, while the Dogras were left with the barren hillsides of Jammu.

The Parishad's chance came when the Kashmir Constituent Assembly decided that Kashmir would be an autonomous unit in the Indian Union with an elected head and flag of its own. Abdullah played into their hands by making a series of tactless speeches. He described talk of full accession to India as "childish, unrealistic and savouring of lunacy." The Parishad exaggerated these statements as expressing Abdullah's anti-Indian and pro-Pakistan sentiments. It won the sympathy of the vernacular press in the Punjab and of the Right-wing political parties.

Then, in July, 1952, came the Abdullah-Nehru agreement, which gave Kashmir a semi-autonomous status. Abdullah went ahead with the election of Prince Karan Singh as Head of State and with flying the National Conference flag on Government buildings. Parishad leaders tried to dissuade the Dogra prince from accepting the post of Head of State. When persuasion failed, they organised demonstrations. Then followed lathi-charges, firing and arrests. The other clauses of the agreement remained un-implemented, and Abdullah said he could do nothing while the agitation continued. The Parishad said that he had deliberately delayed implementing other clauses which gave them certain rights under the Indian Constitution.

The popularity of the Parishad amongst the Dogras came as a nasty surprise. The Indian Government only realised the gravity of the situation when it discovered the use to which it was being put by Hindu communalists in India. Nehru then admitted that some of the grievances were legitimate and would be investigated. On February 3 the Kashmir Government appointed a four-man committee under its Chief Justice to inquire into the problems that had arisen because of the operation of land reforms, the existence of customs barrier and the rehabilitation of refugees and ex-Servicemen. The attempt is to separate the legitimate economic grievances from the political, and to sever the agitators in Jammu from their sympathisers in India.

The Right-wing parties have qualified their support to the Parishad in one very important respect. A fortnight ago Mukerjee, speaking at a joint conference of the Jana Sangha, Hindu Mahasabha and the Akalis in Delhi, had asked for a complete accession of the non-Muslim provinces of Jammu and Ladakh (Buddhist) and autonomy for the Valley. He knew that this amounted to an acceptance of partition of Kashmir on religious grounds. He repeated this demand at meetings in support of his party candidates in bye-elections to the Delhi State Assembly. When the elections were over (the Jan Sangha and Mahasabha captured three out of four seats), he discreetly avoided reference to accession. In Parliament, he only dealt with denial of civil liberties, repression, the high cost of living due to Customs duties, and the plight of the peasantry.

Mr. Nehru reaffirmed in the House that the political relationship between India and Kashmir could not be questioned. The State had acceded to India in 1947. He said: "It was a 100 per cent. accession." The agreement of July, 1952, only dealt with details of "integration." It is not likely that either Mukerjee or any of the other Right-wing leaders now mean to support the Parishad in all its political demands. The Government may succeed in buying off the agitation by easing customs controls and increasing the size of individual holdings of land in Jammu.

The Issue of "Tribune"

ALTHOUGH the Labour Party Executive has avoided a direct ban on *Tribune* Brains Trusts, its resolution on Wednesday seems intended to achieve the same result. The formal condemnation of these Brains Trusts is clearly intended to frighten M.P.s from serving on them and to make it extremely difficult, if not impossible, for members of the Executive, who are bound by the doctrines of collective responsibility. The rebukes to Sir William Lawther and the *Daily Herald* for violent abuse of Bevanites make the Executive decision look less one-sided, but they will not inconvenience anyone. The attack is on *Tribune*.

Mr. Deakin, Sir Lincoln Evans, and their supporters would not, I suppose, seek to deny that, when Mr. Bevan's Parliamentary discussion group was banned last year, the M.P.'s right of free association was infringed. Nor would they be concerned about the constitutional justification for denying the right of an independent journal (with no organic link with the Labour Party) to use a normal and intelligent method of publicising itself and promoting its circulation. Some might imagine that the condemnation follows from a charge that those who serve on *Tribune* Brains Trusts have made use of the occasion for factious Bevanite propaganda. I gather that no such accusation has been made. Over the last two years, the Brains Trusts are admitted to have adhered strictly to orthodox Socialist propaganda; certainly their efforts in the constituencies have been generally welcomed as the most effective Labour Party promotion available. *Tribune* cannot be branded as Communist, Conservative, or in any way at variance with the aims of the Labour Party. Many will say that it has offended by its hard-hitting, sometimes shrill, and perhaps too personal style of writing. But that is beside the point. Its Brains Trusters have omitted personal attacks and limited themselves to recognised Socialist policy.

What then is the Executive case? The trade union leaders would, I take it, say something like this: "This is a conspiracy against the leadership of the Labour Party. These Brains Trusts are merely a device by which 'Smart Alecs' try to build up their personalities and challenge our position as the life-long servants of the Movement. The very fact that the Brains Trusts have not, in their execution, overstepped by a hair's breadth the bounds of Party loyalty, makes them more and more successful, dangerous, and worthy of suppression. We have had enough, surely, of the bitter and destructive invective of *Tribune;* and if we can take any step to strain further its financial resources, and prevent its small circulation from becoming a big one, we shall do so. At a later stage we may decide that Labour M.P.s may not write for any newspapers except the *Daily Herald*—or, of course, the *Mail* or *Express* if they get the chance to do so. We are not interested in abstractions about liberty; we are fighting for the unity of the Party under its established leaders."

There is, of course, a grain of truth in all these complaints. It may be observed that the Brains Trusts have proved remarkably successful propaganda, not only for the Labour Party, but also for the personalities who have taken part in them. *Tribune's* advocacy of its Socialist principles has, in fact, coincided well enough with the tactical needs of the Bevanites. Its polemics provoke; tact has never been among its virtues. But what do such criticisms amount to? Life will indeed be difficult for Labour leaders if tactlessness is to be banned. Is it suggested that the Party should depart so far from its traditions that one section will not be allowed to attack another? How can we do without tolerance in a composite Party made of many elements from Lib.-Labs. to Social Revolutionaries, Fabians, ex-I.L.P.ers, ex-Liberals, ex-Communists, cranks of every sort, as well as solid fellows like you and me? I can scarcely believe that either political or trade union leaders, who have really known the Labour Party in the past, can regard a lively challenge to the existing leadership as justifying the Executive in throwing overboard the liberality and tolerance which have been so prized in the Labour Party.

If I am broadly right, it will be seen that the issue is one of power and discipline. The spectacle of trade union leaders stamping on individual initiative is not new and it always produces the same results. The Australian Labour Party is a leading case. Unless Mr. Attlee and Mr. James Griffiths consistently oppose them, I do not doubt Mr. Deakin and Sir William Lawther and their friends will be able to destroy the position—but not the influence—of Mr. Bevan within the Labour Party. They can deprive the party of the enthusiasm of his immediate followers, and, far more important, of that of thousands of voluntary supporters whose faithful and devoted work in the constituencies has built the Labour Party in the past. For a generation Conservative organisers have been heard complaining that their peculiar difficulty was that they could build a machine, but never create within it a faith comparable to that of the followers of Robert Owen, the Chartists, William Morris, Karl Marx and Keir Hardie. The big money and the big organisation on the Labour side have come from the big trade unions. If the leaders of these great organisations are not interested in the democratic spirit of the Party, if they regard an independent weekly as rebellion, and a tendency to criticise themselves as heresy—then we can prophesy with some precision the decline of the Party. The Socialist idea, which alone differentiates Labour from ordinary parties, will be made the private property of sects and factions. The Party will be bureaucratic and uninspired. Like the Social-Democrats of Weimar, it will command a solid block of organised voters for a bread-and-butter programme of limited interest to the young. As long as full employment lasts it will stand as an unsuccessful rival, and often an unacknowledged partner, of the Conservative Party. In a crisis, world or national, it will be found to have no significance and no appeal to the rank and file.

If I appeal to leaders of the Labour Party to-day to abandon the mood of conformism and petty persecution of the Left, which has recently overtaken them, it is not because I have any personal concern in the matter of the *Tribune* Brains Trusts, but because I should regard it as an unparalleled tragedy if British Social Democracy, following in the wake of similar parties abroad, trod this dreary and familiar path to self-destruction.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

THE proposed Press Council is solemnly defended in the Correspondence columns of *The Times* by that highly reputable representative of British journalism, Mr. W. L. Andrews, Editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, and President of the Guild of British Newspaper Editors. He defends the proposal against criticism on two grounds. First, it is "to preserve the established freedom of the Press," which simply means to him, as it did to Milton and Wilkes, freedom from censorship or other Government interference. I can only assume that Mr. Andrews has his tongue in his cheek. Arguments about the Press in recent years have turned on whether Press barons have too much power; the notion of setting up an organisation representing the Press to prevent anyone restricting the powers of Lord Beaverbrook or Lord Kemsley will add quite a lot to the gaiety of Fleet Street. His second argument is that the Council need have no lay representative or Chairman representing the public as the Royal Commission suggested; like Medicine and the Bar, the journalists' profession should be able to govern itself and enforce its own code of ethics. Can Mr. Andrews really be so naive? The complaint which led to the demand for the formation of a Press Council was directed not against individual journalists, who do what they are told, but against high executives who have the power of economic life and death over them. If there is a charge, as in one well-known recent instance, that a journalist has falsely reported, clearly the body to investigate and judge is not one dominated by Press proprietors. If a working journalist refuses to accept an "unethical" assignment, is he likely to find backing in such a Council? There is no parallel between the doctor, the lawyer and the journalist because the unit whose conduct needs watching in the case of journalism is not the individual practitioner, but a vast commercial concern. The present proposals for a Press Council are a dangerous form of eye-wash.

* * *

How rigid and inhibited Parliament becomes when the Government majority is narrow! Take the example of the Conservative back-bench revolt on the Anglo-Egyptian negotiations. In the hey-day of the 1945 Government, Ernest Bevin could launch out on any policy he chose, without having to give a serious thought to his personal position or the security of the Government. Against those who actively opposed him, always less than a hundred, were ranged his positive supporters, the loyalists (who would never vote against him) and the Tories. Thus, not only did he command a huge mathematical majority, but so comfortable was the position of the Labour Government that neither the division amongst his own supporters, nor the covert (and disastrous) understanding with the Tories, created intolerable tensions. Today Mr. Eden is in no real difficulty over his mathematical majority, for the Opposition will support him in any policy against which his own Right-wing revolts. But the cost would be prohibitive, both to the Government's prestige and to Mr. Eden's personal position. The effect of narrow Parliamentary majorities has meant ruthless whipping and iron discipline. It has equally meant that, on any issue where the threat of the Whip is in-

effective, the Government must give way to its dissident supporters. Serious defections cannot be faced.

* * *

On the Sudan, discipline just held. That is to say, after a fierce row behind closed doors, Mr. Eden persuaded a substantial majority of his Party to trust his judgment. No doubt he used the somewhat disingenuous argument he subsequently advanced to the House, that an independent Sudan would be free to join the Commonwealth. So, when General Neguib exploded this unreality, he stabbed Mr. Eden in the back, and, ironically enough, greatly reduced the chance of an early evacuation of Suez, which he needs so badly. For back-bench Tories, frustrated but furious over the Sudanese "betrayal," believe they can at least prevent a similar "sell-out" at Suez. After all, they argue, a great majority of their supporters in the country agree with them. So do some of their leaders in the Cabinet. And what about Mr. Churchill himself? Did he not constantly castigate the Labour Government for similar "scuttling"? I should be surprised if there is any difference between Churchill and Eden on the immediate problem of Suez: Mr. Churchill, in office, is far too much of a realist not to understand that Britain and Egypt must agree quickly if they are to agree at all. But Mr. Eden's dilemma is real. The revolt against him exists. The Government simply cannot afford to allow it to grow. Therefore, an agreement on Suez, urgently though it is required, *must* wait until Captain Waterhouse and his friends have simmered down. It is an odd reflection that Mr. Eden's act of statesmanship over the Sudan has gone far to defeat its own ends of quick Anglo-Egyptian understanding, has weakened the Party which could now be enjoying the credit, and damaged the political prospects of the man responsible for it.

* * *

I very much doubt whether the State Department will deprive Archbishop O'Hara of his American citizenship, though it has been put in an embarrassing position by the petition which Paul Blanshard presented last week to the U.S. Embassy in Dublin. Mr. Blanshard is the author of that excellent book, *American Freedom and Catholic Power*, which made a powerful attack on the politics of the Catholic Hierarchy in the United States, and he has recently been living in Ireland and working on a new book. He claims that the Archbishop, who is the Papal Nuncio in Dublin, has forfeited his American citizenship by violating the McCarran Act. This provides that any American who takes an oath of allegiance to a foreign State or accepts any office under the government of a foreign State "shall lose his nationality." Though the McCarran Act was ostensibly aimed at Communists, there seems to be no reason why it should not apply to anyone else. There is no doubt that the Archbishop, who was born in Pennsylvania, is an American; that he holds both a U.S. passport and a diplomatic passport issued by the Vatican; and that he serves a foreign State as an ambassador. The first Catholic reaction was to claim that a Papal Nuncio—"who represents a spiritual Power"—does not take any oath of allegience to the Pope. But he is a Bishop, and takes an oath as Bishop which remains binding when he becomes Nuncio. The McCarran Act specifically exempts such Bishops from penalties "within the U.S." But the Nuncio is abroad. All this must be profoundly irritating to Senator McCarran a much-confessed Catholic, who sees his own weapon turned embarrassingly against a member of the Hierarchy of his own Church.

The *Daily Mirror* has a sensitive ear to the mutterings of public opinion. You may be sure that it does not publish such articles as its front-page attack on President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles last Saturday unless it has reason to believe that its five million readers will be pleased. Most people in Britain are in fact deeply anxious about the new Administration's policy towards China; it is not only the stage-army of the politically conscious and articulate that hopes Britain can once again stop the drift towards MacArthurism. This makes public protest all the more important, and I hope that the *Daily Mirror* will draw its readers' attention to the meeting called by the Peace With China Council in the Kingsway Hall on Monday next, March 2, at 7 p.m., at which Lord Stansgate, the fieriest and best of chairmen, will preside. Among the speakers are Sir Compton Mackenzie, Dick Crossman, Emrys Hughes, the Rev. Donald Soper, and the Editor of this journal. One novel point is that the platform is to include an Indian, Dr. Shelvankar, and a Pakistani, Mr. Jefri, both men of moderate views and capable of explaining how American policy in the Pacific affects opinion in the sub-continent. This meeting could express public feeling about the Formosan decision as effectively as its predecessors during the crisis in the winter of 1950-51.

* * *

Nothing better illustrates the change that has come over American politics since the days of the New Deal than the contrast between Senator McCarthy and his predecessor, Robert La Follette Jr., who, I deeply regret to see, committed suicide in Washington this week. "Young Bob," as he was known, entered the Senate in 1925, in succession to his famous father, who had died after his independent campaign for the Presidency. Like Senator Norris and Harold Ickes, Robert Jr. was a radical Republican who fought hard for Roosevelt. In fact, both La Follette and Norris were "premature New-Dealers," for much of the Roosevelt programme was anticipated by the Progressive Republicans in Wisconsin, Nebraska and other farm States. "Young Bob's" greatest contribution, perhaps, came in the middle Thirties, when he was chairman of a Senate Committee which investigated the anti-Labour policies of the big corporations, and unearthed fantastic evidence about industrial espionage, factory police and stocks of arms and tear gas. His defeat by Joe McCarthy in 1946 was more than a personal tragedy for La Follette; it was also a symbol of what was to come.

* * *

I know a man whose father used to make him write out the whole of Gray's *Elegy* as a punishment for domestic misdemeanours. For felonies he had to write out FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyam*, because it was longer. The consequence (he was rather a bad boy) is that he can still recite these masterpieces from beginning to end—quite joylessly. He might just be saying "Thirty days hath September . . ." I am reminded of him by news that has just reached me of a boy in a well-known London school, where the prefect system seems to permit the infliction, by older boys upon younger, of what the Bill of Rights stigmatised as "strange and cruel punishments." This boy is required, every now and then, to sit in the school library during the lunch interval and, as a punishment for untruliness, copy an article from THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. He cannot choose it: one is prescribed for him, a three-column one. And as the purpose of it is solely punitive, your guess as to what a right-minded prefect would choose is as good as mine.

CRITIC

THE TRIAL OF ORADOUR

France, what of Oradour?—
The case has been fairly tried,
Vengeance we set aside
Though innocent blood was spilt.
Equal the forfeiture
Incurred by the guilty ones.
Justice for Nazi guilt!
Pardon for France's sons!

Alsace, what of Oradour?—
Mere pardon can only mock
Our conscripts, put in the dock.
They had no choice, no chance.
What did we not endure,
Abandoned so long by Bordeaux?
Thrown to the wolves by France,
When Vichy embraced the foe!

Bonn, what of Oradour?—
We see the sentence fall
On half, for the deed of all.
Let Germany be accused,
So Frenchmen may be sure
Their crime was not the same!
Conscripts of France excused,
Brand Germans with their shame!

Judge, what of Oradour?—
Impartial justice stands!
Obedience to commands
Does not extenuate.
Though the guiltiest hide secure,
And our verdict be reversed,
Not the Court but the State
Puts national interest first!

Time, what of Oradour?—
Eight summers have now returned
Since murdered Oradour burned;
Who wishes the embers stirred?
Over that grave obscure
The march of the living must tread.
Cold ashes have been interred,
Let the dead past bury its dead!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A motor horse-box carrying a live horse can travel at 30 m.p.h. If the horse dies in transit the vehicle immediately becomes a carrier of horseflesh and by law must reduce speed to 20 m.p.h.—*Daily Mail*. (Allan Chappelow.)

Miner Jesse Whitehurst . . . goes to Clayton Hospital, Wakefield, for treatment for a pit injury to his right hand. Then he has a travel nearly eight miles to Batley Hospital for a new dressing for his left hand, hurt in a dog fight.—*News Chronicle*. (T. W. Brown.)

Corporal Elizabeth Lane, 30, of Donnington (Salop), joined the local T.A. unit so she could "recapture some of the war-time comradeship." That was a year ago.
Last night she was still the only member of the unit. The Army is holding a special recruiting drive so she can have someone to go on parade with.—*Sunday Pictorial*. (John Dalton.)

How to make a public lavatory look like an "olde worlde" cottage to fit in with the Constable country was the chief talking-point at Samford Rural District Council's meeting.—*Ipswich Evening Star*. (C. Porter.)

When four Stockport men appeared at Stockport to-day accused of stealing from Shaw Heath Hospital where they worked, Mr. T. A. Prickett, defending, said they were all of good character and "it is only through peccadillos of theft they are here."—*Manchester Evening News*. (S. H. Jarvis.)

Politics of American Business

II. The New Competition

When Paul Hoffman was the principal Marshall Planner abroad he popularised a doctrine that had originated in the more sophisticated circles of American business. Hoffman's interpretation of the rise of Socialist governments was that they constituted a response to private collectivism, i.e., monopolies, cartels, and restrictive practices. Free private enterprise in Britain, he frequently reminded British industrialists, was neither free, private, nor enterprising. Until business becomes competitive and fully productive, he suggested, it cannot make a strong case against nationalization.

There was something in this analysis, although it tended to bore British business audiences, and in certain respects, inspire disbelief. For Hoffman would invariably conclude his remarks with an obeisance to American business enterprise. The ethic of American industrialism, he would intimate, is expressed in a lust for competition. Committed to technological advancement, American business will tolerate no restraints on production from any quarter. The free enterprise system, Hoffman would argue, has given America its high standard of living, its military power, and above all, its immunity to Socialism. Competition, the life blood of the American economy, would similarly invigorate British industry, and transform the political struggle.

Some members of Hoffman's audiences knew better. The iron and steel, oil, chemicals, aluminium, copper, electrical, plastics and zinc producers, for example, were aware that their American counterparts participated in, or co-operated closely with, international cartel agreements. The manufacturers of business machines, matches, electric lamps, aeronautical equipment, and printing machinery knew how far Americans were involved in a number of quota and marketing arrangements. Perhaps some British businessmen knew also that monopoly growth within the United States had been slowed but not materially impeded by sixty-years of anti-trust legislation.

It is, indeed, increasingly difficult to challenge the Hoffman point of view in the United States. Americans, apparently, believe that the anti-trust approach has been relatively successful; at any rate, there is no agitation for a change in the laws, or for more adequate enforcement. In fact, there has been a significant shift in opinion on the whole subject of business "bigness." According to an inquiry by the Survey Research Centre of the University of Michigan, based on a representative cross-section of the American public, slightly more than one-half of adult Americans regard large concerns as more efficient than small enterprises. Seventy-six per cent. believe that the "good effects" of big business activity outweigh the bad ones, although, paradoxically, 71 per cent. regard big business profits as excessive. Forty-six per cent. were not able to define any of the following terms: Monopoly, Interlocking Directorate, Sherman (Anti-trust) Act, Anti-trust Suit; as the Survey notes, "we might well ask whether the business concentration controversy is one in which the public is at all involved."

The facts of economic concentration, however, hardly justify the lack of public involvement. Government figures show that in 1947 there were 273 non-financial corporations, each with assets over $100 million; and that the top 200 of these corporations held 40 per cent. of all corporate assets, and between 20-25 per cent. of total national income-producing wealth excluding assets held by Government and individual consumers. The largest 200 corporations also employed one-eighth of the total civilian labour force, and one-fifth of all employees of business outside of agriculture. Half the total assets of the 273 non-financial corporations were held by public utilities alone, and four industries—steel, automobiles, chemicals and oil—all of them heavily concentrated, accounted for almost two-thirds of the remainder. The Federal Trade Commission was able to conclude that economic concentration had increased during the war, and that "if nothing is done to check the growth in concentration, either the giant corporations will ultimately take over the country, or the Government will be impelled to step in and impose some form of direct regulation."

Thus far, of course, the Government has not extended its regulatory powers, and the public's apathy is not generating a demand that it do so. Congress, always sensitive to business pressure, has systematically starved the anti-trust enforcement agencies of funds and staff. Since an anti-trust suit may take years to prepare, and between five and ten years to reach a conclusion, Government lawyers must, in practice, confine themselves to the most urgent and obvious violations of law. As may be expected, turn-over in the Justice Department's Anti-trust Division is rather high, reflecting the opportunity of its abler lawyers to earn three, four, or five times as much in private industry as in Government employment. Indeed, the whole atmosphere in which anti-trust officials work is not conducive to dedicated effort. The tendency of the armaments programme is to strengthen monopoly trends, as the bulk of Government contracts go to the larger corporations, and even to corporations under indictment for violations of anti-trust legislation. Moreover, it is increasingly difficult to obtain evidence. Oral agreements over the luncheon table are not liable to be subpœnaed; if R. H. Tawney's remark can be permitted an addendum, the lords of jungle hunt only at night—and then by telephone.

But the most serious threat to an effective anti-trust policy comes from attempts to re-define concepts of monopoly and competition. Thus the Federal Trade Commission, which periodically reports on economic concentration, has been under persistent attack by business, not merely because its statistics, allegedly, are incomplete, but because it is obsessed with the standards of classical economics. The basic error of the classical economists, say exponents of the new competition, was to assume that, by striving for perfect competition, the American economy would remain relatively competitive. While it has remained relatively competitive, according to the business theorists, it is necessary, nevertheless, to re-orient concepts of competition "in accordance with reality." The interest of consumers, for example, must take precedence over any theory of perfect or imperfect competition; and the theory itself, in the words of *Fortune* Magazine, must make "allowance for the fact that the American economy has delivered to people the benefits that perfect competition was calculated to give."

The new competition, in other words, is almost solely concerned with living standards, and, presumably, it finds its fullest expression in a guns-and-butter economy. Sales of 48 million refrigerators since 1940; 188 million radios since 1922; and 18 million television sets in five years, suggest, says *Fortune*, that the economy is hardly "monopolistic and therefore anti-social . . . The competition that made this possible may not have been classically perfect, but who will deny that it has been effective?"

It is wrong to assume, adds the United States Chamber of Commerce, in its booklet, *Measuring Monopoly: A New Approach*, "that the only important meaning of 'competition' is 'competition from companies in the same industry.' Nothing could be further from the truth . . . the important meaning of competition is *the actual possibility of losing business to somebody else, whether that somebody else is in your own industry or not.*" Thus, the three firms which produce aluminium must compete not only among themselves but with the manufacturers of steel and other metal alloys, laminated wood products and plastics. The makers of rayon and nylon compete with producers of silk, cotton, and wool. Finally, the Chamber of Commerce argues, the manufacturers of refrigerators and television sets compete vigorously with each other.

It is only one step along to the thesis that the consumer interest as such is in competition with the producer interest, and Professor J. K. Galbraith of Harvard has moved tentatively in that direction. According to Professor Galbraith, competition of the classic type has practically disappeared, but it has been replaced by "countervailing power," or concentrations of the consumer, labour, and business interest organised against each other. Consumers, for example, demand quality and low prices from retailers who transmit this pressure to manufacturers; and business power is balanced by organised labour. We should cease worrying about securing old-style competition, says Professor Galbraith, and turn our attention to improvements in the "countervailing" system.

Professor Galbraith's version of American capitalism is more plausible than some other interpretations, although it shares with them certain basic weaknesses. All theories of a "new competition" minimise the role of government. Anti-trust policy is, in effect, discarded except, perhaps, as applied to trade unions. Entirely overlooked is evidence that, increasingly, one or a few corporations produce not only steel but steel alloys and aluminium; not only nylon but rayon and rayon-cotton mixtures as well; not only refrigerators but also radios, television sets, and other electrical appliances. Perhaps

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most important, the "new competition" is designed to conceal not merely the fact of economic concentration but the assumption by business of governmental and quasi-governmental functions. Thus strengthened, business power is not likely to submit to anti-trust measures.

New York. JOHN CATES

Strategic Cyprus

CYPRUS, until recent years, was regarded by Britain as just another sunny island in the Mediterranean. The Crown Colony, the so called "Cinderella of the British Empire" was, in the eyes of the British Government, of little significance. Disraeli, who secured the lease of Cyprus in 1878 from the Ottoman Empire, described it as the key to West Asia. But four years later, by the occupation of Egypt, Britain secured an even more strategic "key"; Cyprus, as far as British foreign policy was concerned, promptly lost its short-lived importance. Today, Disraeli's description of the island is becoming apt once more. Whether or not Cyprus will be finally appointed as the permanent Allied H.Q. for a Middle East Defence Command is not yet certain and depends clearly on political developments in Egypt. What is certain, however, is that the island is intended to become one of the most important British military bases in the Middle East. There is little doubt in the minds of the Cypriots—who have recently watched British survey teams considering possible sites for military bases on the island—that the present military activity is only a beginning.

What is the Cypriot attitude to these projects? One of the two main political forces in Cyprus is the Greek Orthodox Church—mainstay of the Right-wing Cyprus Nationalist Party. The Church's head, Archbishop Makarios, greeted War Minister Anthony Head on a visit to Cyprus last autumn with the following uncompromising message: "We want to make it clear," he said, "that so long as Cyprus remains enslaved, we reject the establishment of any military bases and stress that the unique demand of the Cyprus people is union with Greece. The creation of military bases in defence of freedom, in a place where freedom is denied to the people, constitutes a mockery of the liberal principles of which Britain claims to be champion."

The other main political force on the island is A.K.E.L., the Communist Party of Cyprus. Naturally, this party is hostile to the establishment of bases in Cyprus by "Western Imperialist aggressors." It also enlists more liberal support by its superficially non-party Peace Movement. But although organised opinion in the island, for various motives, is against turning Cyprus into a major British base, few Cypriots themselves feel strongly over the issue and many, in fact, welcome prospects of increased employment.

On the wider issue of Enosis, or union with Greece, however, the policies of the two main parties coincide far more closely with the individual desires of the majority. The alliance of the Church and the Communists on this issue provides, indeed, an example of the union of extremes which is so much a feature of Middle East politics today. It means that Enosis is backed by the only two national movements in Cyprus of any weight. It is also supported by the vast majority of Greek-speaking Cypriots, who make up 80 per cent. of the population.

How far does the Cypriot demand for Enosis reflect a genuine desire to be governed by Greece? In these days of violent nationalistic movements it is rare for a subject race to desire, not independence, but merely a change of master. Though the majority of Cypriots look on Greece, not as an alternative ruling Power, but as their mother country, many educated Cypriots would admit, privately, that to be tied to bankrupt Greece would, economically at least, be a disaster for the island. The strength of Enosis lies however, not in its logical but its emotional appeal. Cyprus has never been administered by Athens, and the Cypriots are not Greek by descent. But ever since the days of Byzantium, most Cypriots have been Greek by language, religion and culture. Again, since the British occupation, the schools for the Greek-speaking children have been run on lines identical with Greek Gymnasia, and English is only sketchily taught. The children are indoctrinated with Enosis from an early age, and the schools provide the breeding ground for opposition to British rule. Speaking little or no English, the Cypriot feels starved of social and cultural contacts, which can only come from Greece.

The attitude of Greece towards Enosis is also favourable, if lacking in quite the zeal expressed in Cyprus. If most Greeks do not think of Cypriots exactly as brothers, they at least look upon them as somewhat importunate relations and believe in the justice of the Enosis cause. That this support is not quite so strong as the Cypriots would wish is illustrated by the fact that Archbishop Makarios, after a recent visit to Greece, expressed disappointment with the lack of support for Enosis in Greek official circles. American-educated Makarios is a clever diplomat still in his thirties. His American background is proving useful in obtaining support for Enosis in the U.S. A careless diplomatic disclosure has already shown that the State Department favours a Greek Cyprus, though strategic considerations have prevented the U.S. from stressing this view.

While the Greek Church obtains the hard core of its support from the villages, the Communists have their main following in the towns. But the division is by no means absolute; in fact, many Cypriots support both the Church and the Communists with a perfectly clear conscience. This is partly because of the present stand by both parties for Enosis and partly because the majority of Cypriots, isolated from the general stream of world events, have only a dim conception of what the present Russian-dominated Communist policy really is. These Cypriots, forming the majority of A.K.E.L. supporters, view the Communist Party as simply a champion of the working-class movement. The international implications of Communism interest only a few. In fact, an active and progressive Cyprus labour movement, if one existed, would satisfy most of the Communist Party's supporters. In its absence, A.K.E.L. is at present the only successful representative of working-class opinion in the towns. It dominates the largest trade union and fights for improvements in living standards, wages and housing. That the party should support Enosis is paradoxical; for the Communists know better than anybody the treatment they might expect once Enosis aspirations were realised and the Greek political police dominated the easy-going Cyprus constabulary—one of the few unarmed police forces in the world. Indeed Communist support for Enosis may well reflect A.K.E.L.'s lack of faith that union with Greece will be achieved. Meanwhile, support for it helps them to retain a large and enthusiastic following.

In 1948, when the then Governor, Lord Winster, put forward proposals for a measure of self-government, the Church and the Nationalists refused to consider the matter and held out for Enosis. The Communist Party, however, took a leading part in considering the Winster proposals, and as a result lost popularity for supporting self-government instead of Enosis. In a sudden *volte face* the Communist policy changed over to "Enosis and only Enosis," and half of its old Executive, who were foremost in supporting self-government, were dismissed. Today any A.K.E.L. members who betray leanings towards the self-government plan are vigorously attacked. It was under this pretext that four of the top Cyprus Communists were expelled from the Party last autumn.

There is today in Cyprus little personal anti-British hatred. Towards English people all classes are kind and hospitable. But the emotional force of Enosis should not be underestimated, as it was in the 1931 riots, when a mob burned down Government House in Nicosia. Since then, the Cypriots have had practically no say in the government of the island, and are bitterly conscious of their status when backward countries such as Libya are granted freedom. The hundred or so British officials who administer Cyprus have undoubtedly achieved a good deal. They have made the island one of the healthiest places in the Middle East, and by enlightened agricultural and afforestation plans have done a good deal to repair the ravages of Turkish occupation. But they have not had the resources to lift the island out of its economic stagnation and have failed, in 70 years of rule, to provide a once fertile island with anything approaching an adequate water supply. Moreover, Britain has done little to combat with facts the wilder outbursts of Enosis propaganda and little to encourage social and cultural intercourse between Cyprus and Britain which would have made an alien administration and way of life more acceptable to the islanders. As the strategic importance of Cyprus increases, so Cypriot hopes that Britain might reconsider her attitude towards union with Greece steadily fade. It is over an isolated, dissatisfied people that the Union Jack flies.

CHARLES RICHARDS

Green Magic

IF you had asked a hundred people a year ago: "What is chlorophyll?", you would almost certainly have met with ninety-nine blank stares and one half-hearted mumble about "green stuff in plants and things". If this has radically changed today it is entirely due to the unceasing efforts of the advertising and public relations wizards of Mayfair and Madison Avenue to remedy this lamentable state of popular ignorance. Today even my greengrocer knows that he is selling chlorophyll by the hundredweight every day, because when he is through selling it he buys it on his way home so as to become "nice to be near" (though it is doubtful whether he has ever read this particular flower of American advertising copy or even the majestic headline in our own prosaic *Financial Times* "Chlorophyll Comes to Town"). Today it is claimed (O magic of statistics!) that in the U.S. eight out of ten persons in the age group 16 to 25 have switched from the ordinary white toothpaste which was good enough for our fathers and grandfathers to the green variety containing the "magic substance", "this new body sweetener" which makes them "face life with new confidence".

True, the promoters of the chlorophyll boom had the raw material for their lyrical effusions handed to them on a silver platter by nature itself,

for chlorophyll is almost as fascinating to the scientists as it is lucrative to the pill and toothpaste makers. As nature's predominant pigment it is responsible in all plants (except fungi and some algae) for the utilisation of the energy of sunlight for the conversion of carbon dioxide in the air into sugar, from which in turn the complex carbohydrates of the plant are built up. Thus, no plant life is possible without chlorophyll which, through its unique property of using the energy of sunlight to convert water, minerals and other inorganic matter into living material, is the keystone of the whole structure of plant life on our planet.

For nearly a century chlorophyll puzzled and intrigued scientists. When, before the first world war, the German Professors Willstätter and H. Fischer were able to demonstrate a close chemical relationship between it and haemoglobin, the iron-containing and oxygen-generating red blood pigment, medical research workers all over the world began to experiment with chlorophyll, stimulated by the hope that a substance working such miracles in the plant might well have a valuable contribution to make to human therapeutics: and in hundreds of laboratories white-coated men sat poring over their test-tubes, studying the action of chlorophyll on bone marrow, the stimulation of tissues, anaemia, intestinal diseases, etc. The results, alas, were disappointing enough: the mysterious green substance, removed from its natural field of action, went on strike, and what positive results there were were far too intermittent and inconsistent for scientists to be able or willing to make any claim, compatible with the rigid ethical standards of science, for chlorophyll as an important therapeutic substance. Even so, chlorophyll has been employed, in a minor way, for many years in the healing of wounds, though Drs. Moss, Morrow, Long and Raydin stated in an article in the journal of the American Medical Association in 1949 that "Chlorophyll is not a consistent promoter of wound healing", adding that only 5 out of 24 patients treated had shown any acceleration of healing. To this, the British Medical Journal of August, 1951, added the chilling postscript: "The claims of chlorophyll to accelerate wound healing are of doubtful significance . . ."

But then Dr. F. Howard Westcott of New York City took a hand and snatched victory from the jaws of century-old defeat and failure. True, he too failed to cure anaemia with chlorophyll as he had set out to do, but instead he discovered that his patients, having had their dose of chlorophyll, stopped being "malodorous". Encouraged by his discovery, Westcott began a long and complicated series of experiments, on skunks as well as human volunteers, and eventually proclaimed that chlorophyll "effectively neutralizes obnoxious odors in the mouth from foods, beverages, tobacco, and metabolic changes (halitosis)" and also ". . . from perspiration due to physical exercise, nervousness, and illness; obnoxious foot odors, menstrual odors, and many urine odors from ingested materials."

And here, with a whoop of triumph, the manufacturers and their advertising agents took over. Chlorophyll ceased to be the concern of stick-in-the-mud scientists who for over a century had overlooked that chlorophyll makes you "nice to be near"! The people who have been persuading us for years that most failures in life, from lost jobs to lost battles, are due to B.O. know a good thing when they smell one. And the boom set in with a vengeance. As the *New York Sunday News* put it: "Everybody connected with chlorophyll right now is tired but happy-tired because they are so busy and happy because business is good . . ." And well they might be happy, with a hundred million dollar turnover in a year! There are now almost two hundred different articles in the U.S. containing chlorophyll, and many stores have opened special Chlorophyll Departments selling nearly fifty kinds of tablets, lozenges and pills that can be taken to prevent body odours, not to mention chewing gum, toothpastes, mouthwashes, stick deodorants, shampoos, cigarettes, and a dozen different dog foods, all containing the "green magic" in varying degrees. And more are being added every day, as new chlorophyll factories spring up all over the country, while the public relations "experts" are having the time of their lives, ringing the changes on an inexhaustible market, for will people ever stop smelling like people?

And in this country? Well, we are still lagging far behind. We are not yet chlorophyll-mad, only beginning to be chlorophyll-conscious. But it is merely a question of a further half million pounds or so spent on dispelling our ignorance of "how to turn our armpits into charm pits" till our florists too will advertise their flowers as "positively guaranteed to contain chlorophyll." Meanwhile, Britain's three chlorophyll manufacturers have been busy switching production from the crude chlorophyll extract which has for many years served as a useful dye, especially for soaps, to the highly refined, pure, water-soluble crystals which the deodorant and cosmetic manufacturers demand to satisfy a rocketing market. The cost of producing it is high, for the conversion ratio from the raw material (lucerne) to the finished product is as low as 10 lb of chlorophyll from one ton of dried lucerne, and a pound of the precious green stuff costs about £15. The biggest chlorophyll manufacturer in this country produces not more than five tons a year and exports much of it overseas as far afield as India and Japan. But production figures are steadily rising, if not quite so steeply as advertising revenue out of the chlorophyll boom. According to the *Financial Times*, £45,000 was spent during 1950 on Press advertising alone of personal deodorants, while in 1951 this figure was nearly doubled. And there is no doubt that last year many times that amount was invested by deodorant and toothpaste manufacturers to make us (and our dogs) socially acceptable to our (and their) fellows. ("In dog foods, chlorophyll can make a smelly animal a pleasure to have around the house, and there's no denying that some breeds of dogs, though lovable, are pretty gamy!").

But this is not the end of the story, and there is a good chance that the happy-tired businessmen may be somewhat less happy and more tired before we are all deodorized by them. For the stridency of the hucksters' paeans of praise has reached such a pitch in the U.S. that at last the men of science who, one might almost believe, had never heard of chlorophyll (except Dr. Westcott), are at last being goaded into protests and have launched a pretty devastating debunking campaign. Thus, Professor Alsoph H. Corwin, head of the Department of Chemistry at Johns Hopkins University, proposed at a gathering of the American Chemical Society in New York on December 5, 1952, that an immediate investigation be opened into the possible damaging effects of commercial chlorophyll on the liver. Corwin also quoted Mr. E. R. Weaver of the U.S. National Bureau of Standards, who wrote: "In answer to a question frequently asked, we have no reason whatever to believe that chlorophyll ever has anything to do with deodorization."

Faced with these bombshells Mr. William W. Hosler, vice-president of the Strong-Cobb Co. of Cleveland of which the American Chlorophyll Company is a division, went one better than Lewis Carroll's tearful walrus with his plaintive statement that it was "unfortunate that chlorophyll has become a fad recently". And then, of course, those scientists are such silly sticklers for facts, for, Mr. Hosler added, "A lot of work done with chlorophyll has not had scientific controls and therefore does not impress such a group as this."

But worse was to come. On December 9, leading dental research workers reported to the New York session of the American Dental Association that there is no conclusive evidence that chlorophyll derivatives in toothpaste help against tooth decay. Dr. Thomas J. Hill, Professor of Oral Pathology at Western Reserve University and head of the Therapeutic Council of the A.D.A., asked: "How long will the public place its confidence in products whose effectiveness is not in keeping with the values suggested by cleverly prepared advertising copy?" Hill was joined by Dr. J. W. Hein, chairman of the Department of Dental Research at the University of Rochester, who asserted that much further research was necessary before chlorophyll products could be recommended for use by the public against tooth decay, while Dr. Robert Glass spoke scathingly of "misleading advertising rather than . . . controlled scientific evidence."

Being a user of white toothpaste; wearing neither chlorophyll-soaked shirts nor chlorophyll-impregnated socks or in-soles; not minding the doggy smell of my dog nor expecting my fellow-strap-hangers on the Northern Line to smell like the tropical shrubs at Kew, these revelations were not much of a shock to me, though they came somewhat unexpected after several interviews with prosperous protagonists of the chlorophyll-using trade. In order to make quite certain that the *New York Times* had not been guilty of gross misreporting I journeyed out into London's chlorophyll-abounding Belt to talk to Dr. B., an eminent scientist, who knows perhaps as much, or even a little more, about the "green magic" as Mr. Hosler of Cleveland, Ohio. Dr. B. was brief, critical and forthright. Discouraged, I returned to town knowing that if I wasn't nice to be near now I never would be, for I would continue to vegetate till the end of my days without additional doses of chlorophyll.

STEPHEN W. POLLAK

On the Labour

(By an Unemployed Correspondent)

"You're registered with the Appointment's Office, are you? Then I suppose you're not interested in clerical jobs at £6 a week—or not yet?" he added with an unintentionally sinister inflection in his voice. "Oh well, we'll register you here as a claimant, and you come in twice a week to sign on." That was four months ago. Every Wednesday and Friday since then, with one short break, I have signed on at the Employment Exchange, and have been paid 32s 6d a week for doing so. In addition, I am saved 7s 5d a week by having my insurance card franked.

It was fourteen years since I had last been on the dole, and I asked myself how things would compare. Then, early in the war, there was still high unemployment where I lived, too few exchanges, too few staff in them, and relations between the Ministry officials and the unemployed were a serious social problem. Long delays (the Friday visit, when the dole was paid out, could take up to three hours), the perpetual air of suspicion engendered by the Means Test and the "not genuinely seeking work" clause, brusque and unsympathetic treatment by the clerks—all these contributed to the sense of irritation, of

complete helplessness one felt when on the wrong side of the counter. Nowadays, I had heard, things were better. The Means Test was gone, unemployment was low, the staffs were not so heavily overworked. The 1948 Act had destroyed the last vestige of the old idea that the dole was a charity. People who claim it now do so as of right, under an insurance scheme for which they have paid. There could be no excuse for treatment on the old lines.

My first impressions confirmed this. At the reception desk were two youngish, friendly clerks who conducted their preliminary interviews quickly and well; the only possible complaint was that the desks were so close together that you overheard every word your neighbour said. Then there was a second, fuller interview in a private cubicle—again friendly and efficient. One was an individual with problems to discuss, family circumstances, experience and qualifications, type of work sought, and so forth, and the interviewing officer seemed genuinely interested. A few minutes later, however, my favourable first impression was shattered, and I was back in the 1939 atmosphere.

From the second interview one goes to the registering clerk, who takes possession of the insurance card and issues in exchange a yellow postcard known as the U.I.40. This is a receipt for the insurance card, and must be returned when one gets a job; it also indicates one's time of signing, and must be produced each time. It was ten to three when I arrived at this clerk's desk, and a dozen men were before me in the queue. At three precisely the clerk opened a drawer, took out a teacup and disappeared until 3.35, leaving his desk unattended and ten of us still waiting. Eventually he came back. His next client was an Indian with limited English who was at the wrong desk anyway. "Go away," shouted the clerk when the conversation had reached a linguistic impasse. "I ha:n't time to deal with you here." Once I had to re-register after a short absence. This time it was just after four when I reached the desk, and the rule is that the Exchange closes to new applicants at four. I had been there for half an hour seeing the other sections. "You're too late for today," he said. "Come back tomorrow." "But I don't want to come back tomorrow. I have other things to do." "Don't want to come back tomorrow, eh? Not available for work, eh? If you're available for work you're available to come here. If you're not available for work, you can't claim benefit."

On signing days we are divided into groups, so many to each quarter-hour. On Wednesdays the whole process seldom takes more than ten minutes, on Fridays rather longer—and a lot longer on those Fridays when, as has happened half a dozen times since I began signing, the money runs out before everyone is paid, and the pay desk is closed while the clerk gets some more from the innermost recesses of the Exchange. I have never been able to understand why this happens. The amount due to each man is calculated exactly and entered on a large sheet kept in front of the pay-clerk; the total is presumably known. We have asked the reason, and the clerk mutters something about National Assistance, which still does not explain the reason for this inability to add up a column of figures. But apart from this recurrent lapse, the business of signing on is reasonably efficient—until something happens to interrupt the even flow of men past the desk.

If one has a query, one is supposed to ask the signing clerk. If a man has worked since last signing, he must say so. He will then be shot quickly out of the "Signing" queue to another desk, where he may easily be kept waiting an hour. And Heaven help the man who makes a mistake. Someone signed in the wrong place. "Can't you read?" asked the clerk. "My goodness, there are some fools about." Someone else forgot to bring his U.I.40, tried to explain why. "Don't argue with me," he was told. "You're wasting everyone's time. Go and get a new one." Behind in the queue were fifty men whose time was being wasted. "Get a move on," they shouted. To hold up the queue is to make oneself as unpopular in front of the counter as behind it. Time must not be wasted—even if only to enable you to stand longer in the next queue.

One week I had earned some money and did not want to claim, which meant I must see the supervisor. "Christ," I heard him say. "That's the fourth bloody silly query I've had in half an hour." Another time I was being interviewed for a job on a Friday afternoon. Next day I reported as required ("If for good reason you do not attend at the time stated, you should attend on the same day, if possible, or on next day of unemployment"). I stood at the counter for fifty minutes before anyone asked me what I wanted. "It's all part of the Discouragement Act," remarked another man waiting for the same reason.

Almost everything revolves around time. In the queue you must not waste it. Out of the queue, your time, if not that of the staff, is infinitely expendable; you are unemployed, therefore you must have all the time in the world—and if you haven't, you are presumed not to be available for work. I remember a Means Test inspector who called at my lodgings in 1939 when I was out working (my landlady used the unfortunate word) in a library. The inspector read her a lecture on how I was not allowed to work while on the dole, and I was called in a day or two later to explain my misbehaviour. The principle is the same today. No doubt a strict ruling on the meaning of "availability for work" is necessary to protect public funds from fraud. But this is surely the wrong way to apply it. An unemployed man will, if he is wise, use his enforced leisure constructively, and the walls of the Exchange are plastered with posters advising him to train in new skills, to attend evening classes. It is reasonable to require him to attend at the fixed times for signing (not to do so is one of the most terrible offences an unemployed man can commit, and may lose him his benefit); it is not reasonable to waste his time otherwise. There *are* men who defraud; I know two or three, and how they do it. But that is no excuse for placing on every man who receives benefit the onus of proof that he is not defrauding—and that, in effect, is what the method of applying the rules means.

That is the most serious objection to the present system. The clerks call us "Sir" and "Mr. Such-and-Such." But it reminds me of the sergeants who used to drill me when I was a newly-commissioned officer in a training depot. As a matter of fact, the whole business of attending at the Labour Exchange reminds me of the Army, with the clerks as the N.C.O.s. We are what a sergeant-major I knew used to call a *drabble* of men; it would hardly surprise us to be told to hold our chins up or have a haircut.

I do not want to suggest that all the clerks are unfriendly, or that all Exchanges show the same faults. Some of the officials are consistently helpful, and they get through their work quite as fast as those who are not. And I have seen other Exchanges both better and worse than mine. In one that I know, and where I serve on the local employment committee, the standard of treatment is as high as could be desired; in another, which deals almost exclusively with manual workers, the wretched applicants are bullied from the moment they enter to the moment they leave. It may be that with only 400,000 unemployed, and a very small core of long-term men, it does not matter much. Anyway, one gets used to it; I have noticed that the men who cause trouble in the queue are nearly always the new claimants, not yet broken in. But after all, we are the public, the ultimate employers of the officials, and we do not draw the dole from choice.

That good Exchanges exist shows that it is possible to avoid these faults. In the Exchange where I sign, a new supervisor was recently appointed, and he has already improved the atmosphere noticeably. Good supervisors are, I suspect, more important even than good managers. It would be worth the Ministry's while to do all it can to stamp out the sort of thing I have described—for, small though its scale may be at present, it is a social evil, one that can be avoided, and therefore one that ought to be avoided.

Looking for a Bandit

A MAGAZINE once sent me to Sicily to find a bandit. Or, rather, I insinuated to the magazine that they might send me. I wanted to get miles away from Bayswater: people were dying in the hotels, and there was a feeling of crumbling masonry. The bandit was a good bet; he stirred in the dreams of wives, boxed-up men in sharp collars, numbered people and drugged people. You could think of him as you thought of a secret seaside place. I flew to Palermo. The heat was like a thick blue blanket; and after getting myself a room I sat drinking glasses of Campari and sweating. Then I drove around the city in a horse-carriage. All towns are fairly alike: there are trams and taxis, coiffeurs and policemen. Obviously nobody was even *thinking* about a bandit. I felt suddenly naive after all that scientific urgency in aeroplanes. It was a relief to see a flock of goats padding timelessly past an enormous bank and turning into a dark street of shouts and washing. Perhaps something *could* happen here.

I asked the driver to take me to the offices of the *Giornale di Sicilia*. The horse mystically trotted all around Palermo to get there, and I learnt later that all the Palermo horses do this. It is always four hundred lira. I went into the office of the *Giornale*, met the editor and announced that I had come about the bandit. He laughed a great deal, but quite politely, and told me there were hundreds of journalists in Palermo who had come about the bandit. Many of them were neurotic ladies. One elderly one had actually disrobed herself in a public fountain. Another had apparently slept with this delinquent and written an absurd book. The *Giornale* always kept a whole front page to describe the astonishing antics of bandit-hunting foreigners. They were the talk of the town. What did it all mean? How strange must be our foggy democracies. The civilization and culture of Sicily, the cathedral, churches and gardens of the city were of absorbing interest. There was a hydro-electric scheme. There was a *concurrenza di bellezza*, a Beauty Competition. . . .

"That is the way it is," I said lamely. "I have

come about the bandit." Personally. I looked at the editor with the eyes of civilization, almost with the eyes of his cathedral. "Well," he said, "there is the Rome correspondent of *Domani*. His name is Rocca. He lives at the Hotel Paloma. He may help you."

I knew about Rocca. His stories about the bandit were quite sensational and formed the source of most of the items published in European newspapers. Robin Hood, disguises, armed uprisings, and so on. I drove to the Hotel Paloma. All around Palermo by the horse's mystic circle. Four hundred lira. "Yes. Signor Rocca is on the roof garden. He will see you." I shot up by lift. Signor Rocca rose from a table. He was dressed in shorts, khaki shirt, hob-nailed boots, and wore a sort of hunting-knife at his belt. He was bronzed and bearded. "Have a drink," he whispered, "I can help you. To-morrow. I have just returned from the mountains. Exhausted." He passed a weary hand over his forehead. He exhaled an atmosphere of dust, mountains and vermouth. I felt completely inexperienced beside him. He had already written forty-six articles on this bandit, had lived six months in Sicily and libelled nearly everybody of any importance. He was a man of civilization and earned a living at words. I, on the other hand, was lucky to get an article about a pelican in a woman's magazine. "To-morrow," he repeated.

Next I went to see the British Consul. He was a charming, elderly man who immediately began to tell me about his mother's enormous garden. After that he gave me a theory that the bandit was a Scottish army deserter; some tartan had been discovered in a cave. "Also the way the man shoots," said the Consul. Then I mentioned Rocca to him. The Consul laughed. "Oh, old Rocca," he said, "On that roof-garden. He's never left it, you know. Except to go to bed." He gave the sort of laugh the British accord to enterprising natives. "Got to admire him in a way. And, incidentally, you'd better get a bandit card from the police."

I went to the police headquarters and they roared with laughter. "Do *we*," they asked, "fly all the way to *your* country to see *your* robbers?" But they gave me a limited authorisation to look for bandits. As I left, a van drew up, a door opened, and a distinguished manacled man stepped out. Later I learnt that he was the correspondent of the ———. I then tried to get in touch with the military. They told me the police permit was quite useless, since the police were not in charge of bandits any more. So two ways were left to me. One was the way of the barbarian, wandering about the wild mountains and asking for bandits. But I remembered the correspondent of the ——— stepping out of the van. Also, although I am entirely uncivilised, or for this very reason, I wished to appear urbane and be well spoken of by the *Giornale di Sicilia*. The other way was to wear shorts and join Rocca on his roof garden. That was too sophisticated and I am bad at inventing. So I went to the Concurrenza di Bellezza and became British Representative, wearing a rather dirty gabardine suit.

I had the feeling that Palermo had held this Beauty Competition for thousands of years. The saxophones sobbed over the sea. The moon spun. Girls in bikinis minced across a ramp, cameras clicked, and satyrs in evening dress with matted hair under their shirt-fronts charged forward. A kind of comedian-floorwalker remonstrated with them through a loudspeaker, reminding them of the hydro-electric scheme, and that they were civilized. The landowners sat still as lizards, their lust under perfect control, their women ivory white and contemptuous, ear-dropped with cold diamonds. "Gentlemen," cried the comedian-floorwalker, "we have a world-famous cathedral, churches and gardens. *Please* leave the girls' fannies alone." In the distance I could often see the really wondering faces of the poor. They had probably always connected rows of beautiful girls with miracles. Or there was the hope.

While I was watching all this, I met a woman journalist from England. She was intensely busy, practical, vivacious and business-like. She was running a series of articles for press networks all over the world on the Girls, the beauties of Nature, clothes, and recipes of all nations. Also Folk-dancing and Youth organisations. "Now, then," she said to me, over the glass of champagne, "tell me about the bandit."

It was the champagne that did it. "I have just returned from the mountains," I said.

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

BROADCAST OPERA

WITHOUT wishing to intrude on the debate between Mr. Ernest Newman and Professor Stewart Deas about radio music in general, I must own that, in common with other opera-lovers, I feel overwhelmingly indebted to the Third Programme. Nothing is more inaccessible than an unperformed opera. The score, if published at all, is likely to be expensive or unobtainable; in any case, it needs an uncommonly good musician to make much, on the piano, of an opera in some unfamiliar language or musical idiom—say, Bartok's *Bluebeard* or Janacek's *Jenufa* or Berg's *Lulu*.

To see such operas as these on the stage, a Londoner might have to wait a lifetime, and I hardly like to estimate the patience that would be required by an inhabitant of Glasgow. The plain truth of the matter is that, for the vast majority, such music exists on the wireless, or possibly on the gramophone: and otherwise not at all. Nor is it only obscure or difficult opera-composers to whom this applies. In celebration of the 50th anniversary of Verdi's death the Italian radio performed all twenty-six of his operas, and a fair number of these have been re-broadcast in England. The result has shown conclusively that, however clumsy or preposterous the action may be, Verdi is almost never boring: in the worst of his operas he veers wildly between blatancy and splendour, but of mere dullness he is virtually incapable. Many another reputation comes up for re-assessment as a consequence of broadcast performance. Is it not pedantic, for instance, to prefer the interminable stately declamation of Lully's *Armide* to the delicious flow of musical invention in the 18-year-old Bizet's *Le Docteur Miracle*? Not even Mr. Winton Dean's sympathetic biography had quite prepared me for the lyrical exuberance and charm of this little piece (and, by the way, how well it was performed!). Still more surprising is the case of Donizetti's *Duca d'Alba*, a fine Italian performance of which was recently broadcast. This opera was written for Paris in 1840, to a French libretto by Scribe, but for some reason was not performed. In 1875 the score was recovered at Bergamo and "completed" by Matteo Salvi. Much of the music, for instance the scene in the third act between tenor and baritone, seemed at a first hearing both beautiful and highly dramatic; but I was puzzled by the "advanced" style. In musical continuity, variety of figuration and in the general absence of "bareness," *Il Duca d'Alba* sounded more like late-middle Verdi (*Forza*, say, or *Ballo*) than the Donizetti of *Lucia* or *La Favorita*. I suspect that Salvi's editing was extensive; if so, it was undeniably effective. May we soon be given a repeat?

My vote of confidence in the operatic conduct of the Third Programme is not, however, absolutely unqualified. In the first place, there has been of late a slight but noticeable decline in the variety and frequency of the proffered fare. No doubt this is caused, to some extent, by restrictions of various sorts on the supply of recordings from abroad. Czechoslovakia, for instance, has been silent for some years, and I happen to know that the Rossini operas performed at Florence last spring were made inaccessible by some foolish Italian dispute. Nevertheless, are we getting all that we should from Germany and Italy? Has there really been no chance, all these years, of *Die Frau ohne Schatten* or Nicolai's *Merry Wives*, of *La Sonnambula* or *La Gazza Ladra* or Respighi's *La Fiamma*? It must not be supposed that to acquire recordings of such operas we must wait for a stage revival; Italian and German radio stations give regular studio performances which cover a very wide field.

I have one further complaint to make against the B.B.C. Opera Department. With all their intelligence, all their enterprise and all their generosity to the starved opera-lover, they fail to take one step which would add more than any other to his enjoyment. They do nothing to provide him with a libretto. Before the war, when monthly opera performances were given in English, one could subscribe in advance for a year's librettos; yet now, when the majority of complete opera performances are in foreign languages, no help whatever is forthcoming. At the very least, an advance note might be inserted in the *Radio Times* indicating from what publisher, and at what price, a libretto can be obtained. It is really absurd to transmit a huge affair like Pfitzner's *Palestrina*, and not to put listeners in the way of following the proceedings intelligently. I speak with some feeling on this point, because it fell to me to write the pre-act narrations for *Palestrina*, and I was therefore in a good position to anticipate the listener's difficulties. In the second act, which consists of a prolonged session of the Council of Trent with exclusively male speakers, the problem of exposition became really insoluble, and I am sure that many a listener switched off in disgust whose attention might have been held if only he had held a printed text in his hand.

The ideal, of course, is that familiar Victorian object, a "Loeb Library" libretto with the original text on one side and an English translation on the other. The translation, moreover, should be, not the usual stilted singing version, nor even a more sensible singing version *à la* Dent, but a schoolboy's crib, as literal as is consistent with intelligibility. Many music-lovers have a smattering of German or Italian, and will enjoy the painless process of increasing their vocabulary. I may be wrong, but I fancy that there would be a real welcome for such a series, which would be no less useful to those who intend to see the opera performed or who possess

gramophone records from it. (Decca have begun to publish admirable translations of the operas which they have recorded in complete form). It is true that some expense would be involved, but at least the B.B.C. might experiment, at first, with one or two fairly popular operas in order to gauge the response.

Those who have never closely followed the text of an opera have no idea of the pleasure they are missing. It is not merely a matter of information—of knowing who is speaking, and the "gist" (favourite word of the vague) of what is being said. There is also a charm, heightened when the singer is a fine artist, in the congruity of word and vocal line; and it is this charm, incidentally, which renders all operatic translation a mere utilitarian makeshift. Consider, for instance, these words from Alfredo's aria in Act 2 of *La Traviata*. *Dal dì che disse: "vivere io voglio a te fedel!" dell' universo immemore, io vivo quasi in ciel* (From the day when she said: "I wish to live faithful to you!" forgetful of the world I have lived as though in heaven). Piave was a mediocre poet, and the lines are in themselves in no way remarkable; but, wedded to Verdi's soaring phrases, and declaimed by such a tenor as De Lucia or McCormack or Schipa, they yield a subtle pleasure hardly suspected by the opera-goer who has known the tune of *De' miei bollenti spiriti* all his life. It is just this pleasure, as well as the more practical advantage of intelligibility, which would be widely diffused by such a scheme as I have here suggested.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Above and Beyond," at the Empire
"Rough Shoot," at the New Gallery
"A Nous la Liberté," at the Everyman

The Atom Bomb has proved as indispensable to thriller writers as once the Koh-i-noor diamond or the monarch in exile. Everything now goes off, freshness of adventure and probability, the nuclear physicist to Moscow, the sentimental agent with his blonde tracker—everything with the exception of the bomb itself. That dread-inspiring spectacle would hardly fit into the picture. It's too grand, too monstrous—a sea-anemone forming out of the ruins of a city—even for Hollywood to introduce lightly; and the temptations must have been many, for where could the screen find a more powerful image? We all know it from the newsreels: its threat induces the one hush in audiences that will hum the tunes of *All Quiet on the Western Front*. "Bringing it in" is, then, no mean feat; and one approach has been found acceptable, that of the mission-tired hero for whom it represents an end to neurosis. *Above and Beyond* goes a little further, introducing qualms of conscience. We may be grateful for that. But formula is still formula, and it can't be pretended that, except in its treatment of the actual bomb delivery, *Above and Beyond* achieves quite the excitement and seriousness this theme demands.

For, consider: Hiroshima has not been unwritten, untalked about. One might say that it has lain on the American conscience ever since the *New Yorker* sold out with John Hersey's account of it. Millions have since read that report. They know the feelings that brought about the decision to drop the bomb; they know what the bomb did, how it came out of the blue on thousands of people like themselves. Possibly also they may know that, under the kingship of MacArthur, the Japanese (ripe for it) were made to forswear war, and how today they are being rapidly switched to the position of allies in a world that contains not two or three but several hundred atom bombs. Yet *Above and Beyond* starts, as it were, from scratch. If it respects the seriousness of its subject—as, in its way, I suppose it does—it does rather less than justice to the feelings and intelligence of the audience.

Not the bomb but the man who dropped it occupies the foreground much of the time. He is picked out while the bomb is still only a project,

THE PUBLISHING SENSATION OF THE SPRING

HITLER'S TABLE TALK

AT HIS PRIVATE, TOP-LEVEL DINNER PARTIES

Hitler on his enemies . . . on his friends . . . on his ambitions, his failures, his secret dreams. The fascinating story revealed through a team of shorthand writers secreted within hearing, with the text corrected by his deputy—Martin Bormann.

★ "I'm convinced that Churchill has his place of refuge ready beyond the Atlantic. He obviously won't seek sanctuary in Canada. In Canada he'd be beaten up. He'll go to his friends the Yankees."

★ "If my close associates glitter with decorations, I can distinguish myself from them only by wearing none."

★ "The Spaniards are ragamuffins. They regard a rifle as an instrument that should not be cleaned under any pretext . . . but they have never yielded an inch of ground. One can't imagine more fearless fellows."

★ "On the way back, it was Goering who was at the wheel. He drove like a madman. On a bend, before we arrived at Tittmoning, we suddenly found ourselves on a dung-heap."

★ "In no country is Shakespeare so badly acted as in England."

★ "During the parade, at Rome, the front row was occupied by old nanny-goats, dried-up, enamelled, wearing outrageously low-necked dresses."

★ "It's against my own inclinations that I devote myself to politics . . . the finest day of my life will be that on which I leave politics behind me, with its griefs and torments."

★ "Women have a talent, unknown to men, for giving a kiss to a woman friend and at the same time piercing her heart with a well-sharpened stiletto."

★ "At the same period, the Duce and I were both working in the building trade. This is a bond between us on the purely human level."

★ "I am sorry Germany at the moment posse ses but two really first-class tenors, for these two unfortunates are forced to tear round and round the country singing in town after town with neither rest nor respite."

BEGINS ON SUNDAY EXCLUSIVELY IN THE

SUNDAY EXPRESS

he perfects the B27 that shall carry it, he trains his groundsmen and crew, and alienates his wife; after two years he's pretty well tired of it. So are we, especially of the poor wife: wives in such films play a conspicuous but unvarying role, always looking up to the sky for safe returns, and always getting the rough edge of the secret that can't be hinted at. This is the old popular anguish of *The Men Who Stayed at Home*. The drama in *Above and Beyond* hasn't advanced much further; but still there is the flight to Hiroshima coming close, the few moments that see the bomb doors open, the sun-obscuring flash, and when the smoke-cloud has lifted a little, the razed town with its tatters of flame. And this is indeed worth waiting for. It appals Col. Tibbets and his men no less than it does us, as he looks down on annihilation and utters the wry phrase, "Good results." But I would still rather have seen the true story of the atom bomb than the semi-fictitious story of the Colonel and his lady.

Rough Shoot, an English thriller, represents the nonsensical outer fringe: American colonels and spies and counter-spies creeping about Sussex downs with the Plan (and, of course, another threatened marriage) at stake. Mr. Herbert Lom as a Polish fantastic comes into the part of his life, and makes us wish the whole film had been geared to braggadoccio.

Let me remind readers that René Clair's *A Nous la Liberté*, not seen here for fifteen years, begins an unlimited run at the Everyman on Monday. About this film, and about Clair, I hope to write next week.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THE listener who does not care for features is no true radio listener. He is very likely a theatre man or an Albert Hall addict. The connoisseur, with his undashed spirit of hopefulness, knows that the feature is a fluid and variable invention, and is therefore capable of surprise. The six or seven features that I have heard in the last fortnight have all, good or bad, been of distinct sorts: each has escaped, moreover, the rigidity of its own pattern.

Historical reconstructions are most likely to succeed at a creative level when they deal with intricate but not too serious episodes; the perils are fewer, the chances more. *The Royal Exiles* (by Stephanie Plowman), a passage in Anglo-Portuguese diplomacy during the Napoleonic Wars, was a study of this sort; I liked its dry flavour, in Christopher Sykes's suave production. *The Vagrancy Act of 1824*, on the case of Thomas Parker, who in 1933 was imprisoned for sleeping out, and died violently as a result, was history of another kind. The feature pattern was familiar; the narrator had the usual slight air of earnest bombast; why, then, was the final effect so striking? I think that it was in the undecorated use of the original evidence. The weakness of the average historical or documentary feature is in the invented dramatic insets, usually so carelessly done—the assumption being, I suppose, that ordinary speech is best represented by ordinary writing. Jenifer Wayne, who wrote the script, is conscientious about dialogue, however: or perhaps Thomas Parker's words came from the actual police reports. Whichever is the case, I do not forget the dreadful sound of the sullen voice repeating: "I am not in this prison."

It is impossible not to be moved by Edward Thomas's austere and troubled life, nor amazed by the sudden concentration of poetry in the final years (a hard-pressed literary journalist, he had never before written a line of it), nor stirred by passages from his writing. What a subject, then, Patric Dickinson had for his portrait, *Edward Thomas*. Yet, while listening to the good voices of Hugh Burden, Carleton Hobbs and Olive Gregg I was not only moved by the history and stirred by the readings (too few, and too many of them anthology pieces, alas), but also perplexed. For in order to give the piece a neat shape Mr. Dickinson had fitted the whole affair into the framework of a Home Service love idyll. Anyone who turns to Thomas's revealing poems or even to the affectionate record set down by his wife, will feel that the story was a bitter and complex one; it was never sentimental.

On the whole nothing has delighted me as much for a long time as *Foreign Correspondent*, Honor Tracy's feature impression of this newspaper exotic who is, as it happens, none other than herself. What does one write *about*? she asks, when she finds herself in France. I shall look in *Le Monde*. But, Madame (she is told), there is a strike; there are no newspapers. And you are a journalist! Later, one learns . . . Miss Tracy's wit has a sophisticated innocence; her timing and manner have a deceptive air of leisure (is it Sterne that one thinks of?); truth is her asset; she uses it as if it were a freshly-devised invention.

A variable partisan of Scott (according, chiefly, to the book) I have been a rapt listener to *The Heart of Midlothian* condensed with no small skill (by James R. Gregson) into three dramatised instalments. The sheer energy of the story is not the only reason, though in an hour we could be stunned with its mysteries, its shocks and violences and its hail of surprises. Conversation is the foreground part of it all; the speakers are real characters, set down by an adult mind, and going about their ways with a purpose. We are at once, and all the time, involved.

It is a sad truth that situations and events—particularly harsh ones—exist for our conditioned minds only at the particular moment when the Press reports them. I was a little taken aback to hear in an *Any Questions?* programme, not so long after the disaster, a voice inquiring: "Does the team consider that the B.B.C. has broadcast too much about the floods?" and hardly less amazed at the double-edged reply: "No; because it is a reminder that we are in God's world, not man's." The audience, all from the non-Calvinistic West, clapped merrily.

NAOMI LEWIS

"The Way of the World," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

When we have come to expect perfection, the imperfect best can only be a disappointment. John Gielgud's new production has all his usual qualities—wit, style, pace, delivery and daring: it also contains several loose ends and blurred performances. Any production of *The Way of the World*, however constellated, can only succeed if the language reigns supreme. Nothing, nobody, must be allowed to soften Congreve's edge. Once an actor or an actress begins to imagine that he or she is wittier than the lines themselves, the game is up. And here we have two capital offenders—Pamela Brown and Margaret Rutherford. Miss Brown is an oblique, Watteau-like Millamant, shooting *oeillades* in place of streamers; she is the female philosopher of Marly rather than the "Humorist" of the Mall. She gives us none of Millamant's flamboyance—nor, in fairness, does she intend to. A strange original creation, moving, intelligent, never for a moment Congreve's heroine. Miss Rutherford is equally unsuited. In her case, the intention seems to be not so much to twist the words out of shape as to smother them in the kind of "funny business" for which she is famous. Her best lines are lost in a welter of mannerism and cavorting that is like a parody of her own best performances. With her chin aimed to sink a battle-ship and an air of playing Lady Wishfort like a long drawn-out naval engagement, Miss Rutherford's art, on this occasion, is firmly imprisoned in the W.R.N.S. wardroom. The fact that many of us who were too young to see Dame Edith Evans's Millamant have at least seen her incomparable Wishfort, added to the discomfort. Otherwise, all is near-perfect. Mr. Gielgud is a vibrant, beautifully strung Mirabell, and Paul Scofield a gloriously foppish Witwoud (here the wit in the acting comes *from* the lines rather than in spite of them). Eileen Herlie is a convincingly evil Mrs. Marwood, Pauline Jameson an enchanting Mrs. Fainall, and Brewster Mason's Sir Wilfull an admirable Shropshire backwoodsman. James Bailey's décor neatly suggests period *rus in urbe*.

J. N. B. R.

Helen Traubel, at the Royal Festival Hall

When Flagstad left America in 1940, Helen Traubel became the leading Wagnerian soprano at the Metropolitan Opera. Like her predecessor, she did not undertake these heavy parts until middle life, and consequently both singers have preserved their voices in a healthy condition long after that of the average German Brünnhilde has subsided into ruin. At her first London appearance, Mme Traubel made a very favourable impression. She offered two Wagnerian excerpts: "Du bist der Lenz" from *Die Walküre* (as an encore) and Isolde's Narrative; in the latter she cut the testing middle section with its high B's and transposed the concluding curses down a semitone. What was left was splendid: vocally superior to anything else we have heard from post-war German or American Isoldes. The voice is strong, even, easily produced, and particularly rich in the lower register. The bulk of the programme consisted of German lieder, and in these Mme Traubel's enunciation was clear and her interpretations straightforward and expressive. Schubert's *Nacht und Träume* was beautifully moulded; but in such songs as *Aufenthalt* and *Der Atlas*, to which her physical resources are ideally suited, she is apt to weaken the effect by constantly holding back the march of the rhythm. The veteran Coenraad van Bos accompanied so perfectly that it was hard to believe that he had also accompanied the first public performance of the *Vier ernste Gesänge*, in the presence of Brahms, in 1896.

D. S.-T.

Correspondence

U.S.S.R. AND ISRAEL

SIR,—I was amazed and deeply hurt when I read in your last issue, under the title "The U.S.S.R. and Israel," the article by "a Correspondent." He says:

> Judging not only by the Soviet press, but also from a number of indiscretions coming from the American side, there is little doubt that American Intelligence was using Jewish organisations in Eastern Europe for its own ends in a fairly big way, considering these organisations as one of the "weak spots" in the Curtain.

You could not have been aware of the effect of such words. They are contrary to all that you have said on this matter for months. How they will be lapped up by the Communists here and by Moscow itself, owing to the very high reputation that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION enjoys as defending fearlessly all who suffer from the attacks of the powerful.

The Joint, the American Joint Distribution Committee, often referred to as J.D.C., was set up in 1914 when the first world war inflicted terrible damage, in life and property, on the Jews of Eastern Europe. It is a purely charitable body. As it has been described by Moscow as a "Jewish national" body I should say that, while not officially accepting any political view, its leaders have in fact been non-Zionist and anti-national in the Jewish sense. It works in nearly all countries of the world, especially in Europe, North Africa and the Middle East. It is the driving spirit and the financial inspiration behind dozens of local institutions, co-operatives, schools, hospitals, training farms, canteens, old-age homes, etc.

The Joint worked in the Soviet Union till 1939. Part of its work was with the settling of Jews on the land. A special fund—Agrojoint—spent millions of pounds on this till 1935. In view of the terrible effects produced on many Jews by Soviet action against the "bourgeoisie," the Soviets encouraged Jews to settle on the land in the Ukraine; and then in the Crimea, where those traditional anti-Semites, the Tartars, did not want them. The head of the Joint work, Mr. Rosen, had excellent contacts with the Soviet leaders who dealt with this.

When the Joint office in any country is closed by government order or for other reasons, it leaves funds behind to be administered by the local Jewish authorities.

This body is now described as a bed of spies, and apparently your Correspondent does not disagree!

I would refer also the last part of the article. Your Correspondent writes that the Jews in Russia con-

tinue to be in a somewhat ambiguous position because of their "nationality" and their lack of a "national territory" and of a "national culture." In other words the Jews in Russia should stop being Jews. The "national territory" Birobidjan was a failure because it was absurd to ask Jews, who had been forced for centuries to live in the extreme West and South-West of European Russia, to go to an area on the River Amur, thousands of miles away from civilisation. As for Jewish "national culture," the Soviet view, we are told, is that it can only be Zionist or "a certain Ghetto-Yiddish tradition," essentially "reactionary", to which the Russian attitude has been ironical if not essentially hostile. This can only be the case with people who have no notion about Yiddish, a language with a literary content far beyond that of the Ukraine, Lithuania or Georgia. The novels and sketches of Mendele, Sholem Aleichem, Peretz and Sholem Asch are written in beautiful, flexible language, and are certainly not reactionary. Those who saw Mikhoels perform Shakespeare in Yiddish could never think as your Correspondent cites.

8 Brompton Lodge, Cromwell Road, S.W.7. S. BRODETSKY

SIR,—It is singularly unfortunate that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, with its high reputation for care and accuracy, should have added fuel to the fires of U.S.S.R. propaganda against Israel by permitting one of its Correspondents to assert that "there is little doubt that American Intelligence was using Jewish organisations in Eastern Europe for its own ends in a fairly big way."

We have no doubt at all that this sweeping statement cannot be substantiated by reliable evidence. The assertion should never have been made.

World Jewish Congress, 55 New Cavendish Street, London, W.1. A. L. EASTERMAN *Political Director*

[Both Professor Brodetsky and Mr. Easterman have read much more into our correspondent's words than he intended. But the vehemence of their reaction show that his remarks have created a false impression which we are most anxious to dispel. It would certainly be monstrous to suggest that the Joint allowed itself knowingly to be used by the U.S. for espionage purposes, and if a loose phrase contained this implication, we are glad to withdraw it. The evidence at our Correspondent's disposal indicated, we understand, that American Intelligence has sometimes tried to insert its agents into the Joint and collected information from its workers on their return from Eastern Europe. Since Communist Governments condemn as a spy anyone who as much as makes notes of what he sees in a public street, it is doubtless true, as our correspondent states, that they regarded the Joint as "a weak spot" and were determined to eliminate it.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

HOUSING REALITIES

SIR,—I am not sure that your Correspondent has correctly interpreted the Sample Tables of the 1951 Census, which show that there were (in 1951) 13,312,000 structurally separate dwelling houses and 14,481,000 separate private households in Great Britain. It is not possible to deduce the shortage of houses from these figures, or from the number recorded of sharing families, although, as was recently pointed out by Marion Bowley (*Manchester Guardian*, 25 and 26 Nov., 1952) the distribution of rooms is all wrong, and there is clearly a very big unsatisfied demand for small houses to meet the great increase recorded in families containing three people or less. Extensive and imaginative conversions and subdivision of the larger houses, by both private and public enterprise, must make one of the main contributions to any rapid solution.

Your Correspondent makes new building at the rate of 400,000 per annum the basis of his progressive housing policy. Here, I think, he leaves realities and enters a dream world. The Tories are now doing 300,000 only at the expense of not doing many other important things, as no doubt we shall shortly learn. At the building costs of October, 1951, 400,000 new houses (of the three-bedroom type most needed) means a capital investment by the country of £676 million, or if the new economy designs are used of £616 million (Girdwood Committee, 3rd Report). These costs have since increased, and if our housing plan is to tackle the other jobs of repair, improvement and slum clearance (which are even more urgent) a very large capital investment indeed is involved; it may be £1,000 million each year. If your Correspondent thinks this is possible, he had better indicate what he would do without to make it possible; the figures do not leave much for industry, schools, hospitals, or the other services of the Welfare State. (If his answer is total disarmament, well, let him say so.) The Labour Party may have asked for this rate of building in 1944, but the responsibility of office rapidly illuminated the pressing need to do other things as well as housing; unless a similar responsibility is now shown in opposition the Labour Party will remain out of office. What the electorate wants is a coherent plan which is possible as well as desirable.

There is no doubt that so many new houses are desirable. Indeed, as *The Times* has recently shown (*Britain's Houses*, 17 Sept., 1952), to meet the actual *needs* of the next 20 years we *ought* to build 520,000 until 1962 and then 450,000 until 1972. But it cannot be done.

The reality of the housing situation is that we must make do with many of our old houses for far longer than we would like. If it is possible to retard the degeneration into slums of what now remains of those 8½ million pre-1914 houses which existed in 1939—and probably over 7 million are still in use—a significant contribution can be made housing needs. While perhaps 2 million of these old houses are fit for nothing but demolition, most of the remainder need extensive (and expensive) overhaul and modernisation on the lines pursued in the central areas of Birmingham, thus giving them a further life of perhaps 20 years. The tenants will then have houses which are at least sanitary to live in; they will also have to pay some more rent.

This problem of unfit and obsolescent houses is a large one; these old houses constitute between a third and one-half of the country's entire stock of houses. While by no means all are in a bad way. Rent Control is speeding their decay and the "good landlord" is disappearing. The provisions of the Housing Act, 1949, which assist landlords and local authorities to repair, improve and modernise such houses, are too restrictive, and the 1944 Act, under which the Birmingham Corporation acted, has now gone. A new Act is needed, and a national Emergency Policy. While private landlords may well be assisted and encouraged (and when adequate assistance is available, compelled) to co-operate, the bulk of this immense task of slum salvage can only safely be done by the local authorities, and where it is most needed the finance must be 100 per cent. the responsibility of the country as a whole.

13 Steele's Road, London, N.W.3. EWAN WALLIS-JONES

THE CARDINAL AND THE WOMEN

SIR,—The question of abortion-law reform is not so simple. You are dealing here with an emotion and the "mobilisation of medical forces when Cardinals fall ill" is hardly comparable.

We should not, even if mother seemed overdone and her nerves liable to suffer, put the living baby on the fire. Infanticide is still frowned on, whatever the provocation. Many people feel that life begins at conception and not at birth, and it is not a matter of Catholic dogma, either—it is a point of view, the kind of thing on which so many of our moral laws are founded. Many women who have had abortions will have a sense of guilt to the end of their lives, not because they broke the law—no woman minds that if she gets away with it—but because, in a sense, she killed her child. Such women, far from supporting the Bill, will only hope abortion will become even harder to procure, for the sake of their daughters. As everyone knows, the woman desperate to part with her baby at, say, two months, will wish to keep it in face of all risks, mental or physical, at four months: expect no logic from a pregnant woman!

Under the circumstances it would be far better to make contraception *really easily* available to all, and, in cases where pregnancy is permanently dangerous to health, sterilisation should be advised and instantly carried out.

And to those who are pregnant, let us give every possible assistance, physical, social and economic. Because a baby should never be a punishment for sin or foolishness: if anything, it is a justification.

26 Warnborough Road, Oxford. PAMELA MORRIS

"THE BIG FOUR AND THE BIG STICK"

SIR,—Mr. Campbell Balfour can have had little personal experience of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers if he is seriously crediting that organisation with having "a thorough-going democratic set-up." On paper, this union has an admirable constitution; in practice, few American unions can equal it for dexterity in manipulation. Here are some features of its democratic set-up. The only times when total membership ballots are taken are on the occasion of the election of the General Secretary and two National Auditors. The only time an official has to undergo an election is on the occasion of his appointment as temporary organiser, this appointment being made by the District Secretary. Branch officials employed on full-time work are appointed by the National Executive Committee on the recommendation of the District Secretary. The National Executive is composed of a majority of full-time officials, including the President. The so-called lay delegates on the National Executives are mostly full-time Branch Secretaries who have been appointed as mentioned above.

The Union, whose membership is mainly composed of semi-skilled and unskilled workers, might be expected to be in the van of the struggle for Socialism. It must be obvious therefore that the opinions expressed and the votes cast by the N.U.G.M.W. at the Labour Conference and the Trade Union Congress reflect the views of the hierarchy of the officials, not the opinion of the memberships.

Glasgow. N.U.G.M.W.

TITO AND STEPINAC

SIR,—Mr. Ginsburg asks why feeling runs so high against President Tito. Mr. Sokorac answers him. "No people and no Party," he writes, "including the League of Communists of Yugoslavia, have taken upon themselves the task of eliminating the Christian Faith."

One person alone, then, is guilty of this ambition. On March 15 last, President Tito, addressing university students (as reported in *Borba*, March 16) said: "The problem of stamping out religious inclination calls for a long-term policy. It must be met by a persevering course of political and cultural education and of economic progress."

That problem and that policy, it now transpires, is Tito's alone. It was to him that the Bishops made their September Address, which was summarised in *The Times* and published in full in the *Tablet*. The outrages there enumerated are Tito's and were committed, we now learn, in direct contravention of the law, the constitution and the policy of all parties in the State.

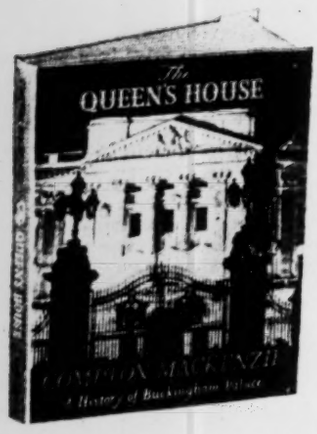
For that reason, quite apart from his hostility to us during the war, Tito is obnoxious to many people in this country. It would be no act of friendship to the gallant, devout and unfortunate people of Yugoslavia to condone his tyranny.

Mr. Eden, by his ill-considered invitation, has put himself in danger of playing Dwight Morrow to Tito's Calles.

For the benefit of your younger readers I should perhaps explain that Dwight Morrow was the American ambassador to Mexico in 1925 when the situation there rather resembled the present condition of Yugoslavia. On the day that Father Pro was shot, Dwight Morrow was junketing in a special train with President Calles and a professional clown. Calles later escaped to California with a fortune.

Piers Court, nr. Dursley, Gloucestershire. EVELYN WAUGH

SIR,—Messrs. Green and Waugh pose as paladins of freedom against Tito because, they claim, Tito is a persecutor of religion. These two illustrious gentlemen



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HUTCHINSON

claim to be against the enemies of religion because the enemies of religion are automatically also the enemies of genuine freedom. Now, the crux of the matter is, how does this, their verbiage, harmonise with actual facts?

The ghastly reality that 850,000 people were massacred by Catholic Pavelic, and that over 250,000 were forcibly converted to Catholicism, with the active approval of Cardinal Stepinac, has already been amply discussed here. So, let us leave Yugoslavia and glance, instead, at freer lands. Do we see Catholicism, under milder skies, championing genuine religious freedom? Here is a short list of facts.

Italy. The Italian Constitution guarantees religious liberty. Protestants, however, must have *police permit* to open their churches and even to preach. "Religious permits for non-Roman Catholic bodies are not easy to procure, and it is often months, and even years, before they are obtained. (*Times*, 22.9.52).

Spain. The status of non-Catholic bodies under ultra-Catholic Franco is too well known to need further elucidation.

Colombia. Within one single month (May 1952) there were twenty cases of Catholic violence against Protestants, and ninety-four fully documented cases of persecution in less than one year. (Official statistics issued by the Evangelical Confederation of Colombia, representing seventeen Protestant denominations with missions in Colombia. See also *Time*, 30.6.52).

Canada. Nominally a Protestant country. There, Catholics, being still a minority of forty-three per cent. (1953), pretend to accept religious tolerance. Yet in Quebec, where Catholics are the majority (88 per cent.), they have carried and are still carrying out a steady persecution of non-Catholics, by means of threats, boycott, arrests, mobbing and beating.

Such homogenous illiberality is inspired by the Catholic Hierarchy and its mouthpieces: "We Catholics are under the absolute obligation to fight against the Protestant sects, or we will have fall on us the anathema of Christ." (*El Catolicismo*, 18.4.52). What have the Catholic paladins, breaking lances in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, to say to all this? Can they honestly assert that, were England inhabited by 47 million Catholics and 3 million Protestants, instead of by approximately 3 million Catholics and 47 million Protestants, such a small British Protestant minority under such a large Catholic majority would have the freedom which the Catholic minority are enjoying at present in Protestant England?

12 Woodside House, AVRO MANHATTEN
S.W.19

"IMPERIALISM IN OUR TIME"

SIR,—In your article "Imperialism in our Time" you refer to 1949 as being the year in which Mr. Roy Welensky "having got himself elected on a programme of expropriating the mining companies, swung round and closed a deal by which the mining companies agreed to leave a proportion of copper profits to the Northern Rhodesia Government." You also infer that the copper companies' attitude towards federation, and with regard to the transfer of their domicile to Northern Rhodesia, was dependent on the "deal" referred to.

I presume that the circumstances in 1949 to which you intend to refer are those under which The British South Africa Company and the Northern Rhodesia Government agreed that the former should continue to hold its mineral rights until 1986 on the understanding that the company would pay to the Northern Rhodesia Government 20 per cent. of the net revenue from its mineral rights in that territory. On behalf of the Rhodesian Selection Trust Group of Companies (and I have no reason to suppose that the other Northern Rhodesia mining companies would speak differently) I can at once say that it is quite untrue that the mining companies' attitude towards federation or towards transfer of domicile to Northern Rhodesia was in any way dependent on the British South Africa Company's agreement with the Northern Rhodesia Government mentioned above, with which the mining companies had nothing whatever to do, or that any "deal" involving the mining companies ever took place at all. R. L. PRAIN
Roan Antelope Copper Mines Limited *Chairman*
Mufulira Copper Mines Limited.

[While fully accepting Mr. Prain's reassurance, we do not believe that it in any way invalidates our general explanation of changes in attitude among settlers and commercial interests in Northern Rhodesia since the mineral rights agreement of 1949. Can Mr. Prain offer any other reason, for instance, why the long-standing settlers' agitation for expropriation should have been dropped in 1949, and not since revived?—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—In your article entitled "Imperialism in Our Time" you state that "seldom in recent years has any British Government so grossly and deliberately misled the public as in the present case of Central African Federation." Having made this accusation you then mislead the public in at least two important matters. You say that the African Board Affairs is "about as valuable to Africans as nothing at all." The facts are that the African Affairs Board, as constituted in the Federal Scheme, has very real powers; it can ensure that any legislative act of the Federal Assembly which it regards as discriminating against Africans must be referred to the British Government before the Royal Assent is given. Moreover, it can not only make representations to the Prime Minister in the interests of Africans but, by virtue of the fact that all its members will be members of the Federal Assembly, the Board is enabled to make its voice heard in the debates of the Assembly on those matters. This is no dwindling of the powers of the Board but a strengthening of them.

You state that "in the former proposals the Federal Legislature gave a majority to the Northern Rhodesia-Nyasaland settlers: the new proposals reverse this in favour of the Southern Rhodesians." That is not true. The composition of the Federal Assembly has not been altered in any way in the final scheme.

London Committee, J. H. WALLACE,
United Central Africa Association. *Secretary*

[We are grateful for the correction of a mistake in our reference to the Federal Legislature: its numerical composition is in fact the same under the new proposals as under the old. The short answer on the African Affairs Board is that it is no longer to be represented by a Minister for African Affairs, and no longer enjoys a more or less independent status. What it could or would do is a matter of interpretation. Having in mind the failure of the Secretary of State's veto since 1923, we do not share Mr. Wallace's easy optimism.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

"OTHER MINDS"

SIR,—In your issue of February 14, Miss Scrutton reviews kindly my book *Other Minds*, justly deplores the absence of a preface, and softly suggests that sometime I should say what I do think.

What does Miss Scrutton think about the question "Could one put into a good strong box 2 parrots and then pull from it 22 all talking just like people?"

Trinity College, JOHN WISDOM
Cambridge.

"KING MONMOUTH"

SIR,—The following lines are spoken by Queen Margaret in Act I, Scene iv, of Shakespeare's *Henry VI Part 3*:—

> "And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy
> Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
> was wont to cheer his *dad* in mutinies?"

Balliol College, A. J. F. SIMMANCE
Oxford.

GREEK DRAMA

SIR,—I do not know who M. D. W. may be, but I would be obliged if he or she refrained from crediting me publicly in your columns with such a fantastically idiotic remark about Eliot's *The Waste Land* as he or she does. It is a remark I have never made, nor intend to make.

One of the advantages of a classical education, such as I had, is a regard for accuracy in small, as in large, matters. I would be pleased, too, (with all due deference to Miss Raine) if he or she could manage to spell my Christian name correctly.

38 Church Square, Rye. PATRIC DICKINSON

Books in General

"RUBBISHY" was Clough's word for Rome. "Compost," says Mr. Cecil Day Lewis, "Century into century rotting down," and—

> The hugger-mugger of human growth. For here
> You can see the grand design eternally crossed
> By the abject means, and its seedy ruin redeemed with
> Valerian, arbutus, fennel.

And Miss Eleanor Clark, the American author of a brilliant, dense, dream-like evocation, *Rome and a Villa**: "an impossible compounding of time, in which no century has respect for any other and all hit you in a jumble at every turn"; too much "for the foggy modern eye," a place calling for awe but lacking in any itself; on the "plastic side" fairly easy—though that has given the city a number of dotty specialists in every generation—but the rest "is an expansion in time, such as you experience also in the petrified forests of America, only here it is more intimate and so more dangerous, like a slow journeying downwards through the water." And Rome is less digestible to us than it was to the writers and painters of the nineteenth-century picnic who were able to be nonchalant and simply warm-hearted because they had their capital of belief and innocence piled up in strong-rooms outside Italy. Ourselves—"we bring to Rome in ideas, disgust; in feelings, failure; in art, something like a splintered windshield." Also, a tendency in the contemporary prose-writer, to ramble off into Alexandrines, that conversational metre which has, significantly, replaced the meaty pentameter of the Victorians in their moments of thumping autosuggestion. One can add, I think, another feeling, as our civilisation lies under the shadow of the bear's paw: that when we are dead we shall not disturb as the Romans do. Or even worse—that some lack of Rome's illusionless capacity for life will in any case fatally prevent us from knowing how rich and disturbing we are.

Are there far too many books about Italy? Of course there are. That is no reason for not writing another. Travel has to be re-written for every generation; its success depends a great deal upon idiom. In Rome now the writer can claim the old heritage of fear and defeat and write in that language: an insinuating, subtle, evasive, malign, private ramble, terribly well informed, a mosaic of intellectual fragments and civilised anti-climaxes. He can write from where he wavers; the platforms have gone. Cultivated Americans usually hit off this nervous, decadent style perfectly; it is the wary, higher vernacular which Henry James started, brought to bloom after generations of central heating: its serious weakness is chic, but when this idiom is used by a writer saturated in his subject, the effect is formidable and satisfying. Miss Eleanor Clark nibbles her way into three thousand years of history and art and inhabits them by sheer doubt and restlessness. In the anxiety is the pleasure. Her book is good, to begin with, because it succeeds with the contemporary art of juggling with time, the trick of which lies in bringing all time into a waste land by a twist. At its highest, her faculty is poetic; at its lowest a perky use of *collage*—but that would not succeed unless the facts and feelings were right:

> As for the hawk-nosed Constantine, official bringer-in of Christianity, he may have been what the time required, but it is hard to think of his great battle at the Ponte Milvio as instituting anything one would have cared to side with right away. A rather basic sentimentality is imperilled by this huge, hatchet face; but that is Rome, too, the danger is equal in politics, in art, in love. His lady mother Saint Helena never strikes one as very attractive either, with all her busy pilfering of holy objects, including a whole flight of marble stairs from Jerusalem. It was in the tradition; Rome, never creative in mysteries, had come by most of her holiness the same way, most notably the black rock or Great Mother, which Italy had never since been able to do without. Still, there is a particular note of *The Ghost Goes West* in this other performance, whereby the blood of the martyrs was both ridiculed and brought to serve its purpose, and the astral horse-tamers, children of a swan, set out on their long dim way to changing their names and becoming really saints. For the time being, anyway, it was traumatic; nobody for a long time after the baptism of Constantine seems to have remembered anything that happened before.

In that passage Miss Clark is being very clever, but she is entitled so to round-up her material at the beginning of such a book; presently she will move eloquently into the "place secret, sensuous, oblique, a poem to be known as a poem . . . where grandeur is of dreams never of statements . . . from which the hungry, determined mind takes nothing but its own agenda, while the fearful logic and synthesis that were there escape like a lion from the zoo."

There is a chapter on the fountains whose details have "the candid, smiling sadism of dreams." The city would have fallen apart under the weight of its past but for them (she writes), and when they become stale and feeble in the droughts, the whole city begins to look old. She moves on to the story of the bandit Salvatore Giuliano, which is really an elaborate study in Sicilian character, then to a Roman Journal; but the impressive prison-dream of the writer shut up in the present day is the very long essay on Hadrian's Villa.

By now she has found the interminable, special subject which the writer on Italy requires, and here she recreates not only a place and a man in all his passions, but the double spell of a present that becomes a past before our eyes. The terror of the Roman ruins is that as fast as our eye and mind furnish them and bring them to life, the more insidious and fully furnished are the gruesome certainties of our own death. It is not a personal death; it is more than the death of our society; it is the death of all the things we can possibly think of, and, most wounding of all, not the great but the trivial.

> There is nothing tranquil about the big baths as they are now, partly because of a particular accident of decay. A tremendous chunk of masonry has fallen intact from the north side where it lies like a meteor among the broken arches, blocking the way, spoiling the view, more moving than any perfect temple. There is a savagery of time in it. The ancient cypresses shoot down to nothing round it, a hundred cycles of them are undone by this huge, shapeless mass of stuff that is so victoriously unaesthetic, so like a natural obstruction in a jungle though it was no cave it fell from. Hadrian dwindles; you lose interest in him, except as a figure to give scale. The sense of the place is of appalling struggle, art against nature, art and empire together against time, worse than any affair of armies, and when that bit of roof crashes—you hear it—it is like the whole ocean lifting back to pound against cliffs in a storm.

In all, what she has achieved is a remarkable transfiguration of rubble into living tissue and the sad, monkey will of man. The same imagination—and it is one not easily imposed upon—addresses itself from time to time to Italian life and history in the last 30 years when they obtrude. There is a memorable visit, for example, to the tomb of murdered Italian hostages of the last war which, like most of the war memorials of our time, is an affront to the mind, and she writes exactly what must be said:

> There was not even any vocabulary left in which to do honour; that was a part of the fascist part of the crime. To express their abhorrence those who came after had to borrow from what they abhorred; they could not remember anything else. . . . One has not even the imagination to know if it would have been better to say nothing.

There is no note of discomforted elegy in Mr. Sean O'Faolain's book on Sicily†. Irish peasant politics are in his blood and, for him, history and people are not curiously embalmed but are alive and fighting. (He is the only European traveller I have ever read who has actually urged an Italian driver to go faster.) His liveliness and his feeling for people are enviable. His book is the travel diary of a writer at once in contact with the casual acquaintance; he has a sharp, enterprising mind that is corrected by the reflective strain of the experienced novelist and scholar. We get, for example, a far better impression of what the parcelling out of the land among the peasants of Crotone was like than the usual surveys of the Italian land question give us. He is not deluded by peasants, but he does not despise them. He enjoys provoking people of all kinds. Why was the cabby ferocious to the beggar woman and her injured child? How has the Mafia changed? What has the endless story of foreign invasion done to Sicilian life, but to "produce one permanently powerful social institution: the most putrefied upper class in all Europe." Are the Italian Communists really Communists or are they a very old race "using Communism" in that minute to minute gamble which is the basis of Italian life? The account of his drive across Calabria in the rains is very vivid; but no page of Mr. O'Faolain's notebook is dull or pre-digested.

Apulian Summer‡ is divided into two Italian essays and two on Oxford. Mr. Lloyd had been brought up in Italy, landed there again during the war and, after the war, went on to the university; his book is very subjective, a little precious and austere, perhaps, but it has the originality of exploring the personal soli-

* *Rome and a Villa*. By ELEANOR CLARK. *Michael Joseph*. 21s.

† *South to Sicily*. By SEAN O'FAOLAIN. *Collins*. 16s.

‡ *Apulian Summer*. By MICHAEL LLOYD. *Heinemann*. 15s.

tude and fear of the soldier traveller. He records the process by which an alien place settles into the mind, enticing or alarming the eye, invading the spirit until—as in the author's case—it claims his inner life. The effect is dramatic, and many truths, forgotten in our immediate and coarse apprehensions of a place, are brought strangely out. These essays are really studies in loneliness and in the rootless condition of the sensitive man who came out of the war. When one of the soldiers gets comically wound up by a show at the theatre, when a woman whose son has been killed, stands and gives a performance of ritual wailing in the town square, this lonely and self-conscious writer stands peeling the onion of his sensations, censuring his incapacities, skin by skin. This is a young man's book, prim, often overwritten, but something true and deep comes through: the malign and frightening insinuation of the Italian experience, the gooseflesh of travel and the present black spiritual despair of Europe which we are not inclined to face.

V. S. PRITCHETT

POET MINER

I crawl through all those galleries of contemplation
Where silence speaks like thought to thought and every
Grain of dust is dehydrated being.
Where mood on mood of time and calm and storm,
Colour, shape, design's compressed into the mind
That holds the secret of the first beginning.
Slowly I go, for here I know the hand
Clutching to right the stumbling foot may tip
The balance of the world when every prop's
A set pretence to hold up doom.

I stare from my oasis of brackish light
Into the Sahara of dreadful darkness
And know that in that death of seeing eyes
Is sight, and in that darkest darkness light.
For, as day is born of night so shall my sight
Be born of blindness.
But I remain within my lighted cell
Dragging my lamed existence, Oedipus like,
Along the ways of artificial light
And keep my love imprisoned in my heart
Blowing dreams like bubbles in the air
To burst against the walls of this my hell.

HARRY C. HAINES

THE RIDDLE

All things else that change,
Being earth-born, suffer loss;
Love, of a birth more strange,
Has wings that arch across
The sliding world's mutation
And still secure
In movement keep their station
And by their change endure.

This riddle, my dear, I learn
From you on whose clear brow
Love's dawn I yet discern
Essential in this Now:
When, though in changing fashion,
His first alarms
Quicken to fuller passion
Quietly in our arms.

So not on a sobbing string
Will I, Love's scholar, play,
But leave to the dunce his grieving
For ghosts of yesterday.
Come then, first-last embraces,
Time is not yet
For Love to stint his graces,
For lovers to forget.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

VOODOO REVISITED

Divine Horsemen: The Living Gods of Haiti. By MAYA DEREN. *Thames & Hudson.* 25*s.*

In 1947 Miss Deren landed in Haiti with seven pieces of her luggage devoted to photographic equipment. She held a Guggenheim Fellowship for "creative work in the field of motion pictures" and she planned to make recordings of Haitian dance forms. By serendipity she fell upon Haitian religion. We have her book on Voudoun; the films lie undisturbed in her cupboard. It was a happy transformation of purpose, for it has added to the subject a particularly sensitive and vivid account of a religious system which—our acquaintance with *voodoo* and *zombie* will testify—is apt to capture the imagination. There are passages in this book, especially towards its close, where the reader will rejoice that the author is an uninhibited artist and only an amateur anthropologist.

But since *Divine Horsemen* is offered in the new series "Myth and Man" which, we are told in the blurb, aims "to set forth the basic myths, folktales and rituals of various peoples, ancient and modern, in such a way that the vital relationship of the mythology to the society concerned will be evident," some fairly rigorous standards of anthropological judgment ought to be applied. Applying them, one has doubts. Miss Deren has plunged into a folk religion where the gods, taking possession of men and women, "mounting" their *serviteurs*, walk the earth to commune with mortals. The gods, the *loa*, are many; their supporting myths various; their rituals complex. In the first half of her book Miss Deren sets out to extract a unified meaning from this material. She does not present the rites, the myths, and the paraphernalia simply as documents to speak for themselves. She interprets. She is suspicious of a technique which merely asks questions of informants; they may not be able to express for the inquirer what he needs to know.

Her approach, instead, is through artistic perception and assimilation. She watches and participates. From long months of contemplation she draws "the meaningful, metaphysical structure of Haitian mythology." How can we know, then, which parts of the final systematisation are Miss Deren's? Where do we draw the lines in her text between her artistic constructions and the meanings given by Haitian mouths? Under Mr. Joseph Campbell's influence, Miss Deren has tried to read a cosmic significance into Haitian religion; 'cosmos' and its adjective pepper her pages; Frazerian parallels point the universal moral. We have a theology, a metaphysics of Voudoun. For example: "A *loa* contains both subject and object, both seer and the thing seen. In Voudoun neither man nor matter is divine. A *loa* is an intelligence, a relationship of man to matter." (Mr. Campbell, it should be said, is the General Editor of the series "Myth and Man." I suspect that he has done Miss Deren much harm in sending her off on the metaphysical tack. I am sure he has done her a disservice in writing the Editor's Foreword; it is likely to put any sensible person off.)

So far the book hangs in the air. It is an index of Miss Deren's remoteness from sociological reality that the reader with no previous knowledge of Haitian conditions will be brought up sharp on page 134 by the chance allusion to the official permits which are needed for the performance of ceremonies. He has been earth-bound only to the extent of being told that the author is talking about religious practices in a circle of thirty miles' radius from Port-au-Prince. But with her chapter on *houngan* and *hounfor*, the priest and his temple, Miss Deren comes closer to an anthropological analysis. The priest, she tells us, presides over a *société*, a community of devotees centred upon the *hounfor*. He is a guide to his followers in the practical affairs of life; he acts as a link with the wider world; above all, he is their healer. By page 160 we know (from a footnote) that "The *hounfor* is the only organized center outside of the large cities," although Voudoun is actually "outlawed" by the State. Now we are aware from other sources that an absence of clearly demarcated villages is a characteristic of country life in the Republic, and that social grouping outside the household turns both upon the ritual community of the *hounfor* and the agricultural work co-operative called the *combite*. But Miss Deren glides past, or ignores, such interesting facts, leaving us to wonder about the social changes that must follow from the official repression of a key institution of rural life.

We can see the results of sociological inexperience in another quarter. In one place Miss Deren says that "As in all primitive communities the family is a tightly knit, cohesive and continuous entity . . ."; in another, referring, in passing, to the system of non-legal marriage, that "Separation between man and common-law wife does not occur more frequently there than divorce does here [New York?]. . . ." At the time Miss Deren was carrying out her research, Dr. Alfred Métraux and his colleagues were working on the UNESCO Haiti Pilot Project in the Marbial Valley, which falls for the most part within Miss Deren's chosen area. They refer in their report to the tenuousness of matrimonial ties and the easy break-up of marriages. Miss Deren's amateurishness betrays her into not so much as alluding to this anthropological work on her own doorstep.

From the *hounfor* we pass to the social and psychological functions of rites, to drums and dance, and, finally, to a climax so deftly contrived that a reviewer of creative writing would not spoil it by revelation. But Miss Deren is playing at anthropology and she must pay the price. She seduces us with persuasive pictures of sight and sound (more compelling than the theatrical versions of Haitian music and dance which she rightly condemns as spurious), and, just as we succumb, she herself is dragged, unwillingly as are all *serviteurs*, into the active service of the *loa*. The goddess Erzulie mounts her head. We see and feel spirit possession from the inside. It may not be anthropology, but it is powerful writing.

MAURICE FREEDMAN

THE EXPECTANT NOVELIST

Books in General. By V. S. PRITCHETT. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In the Preface to his earlier collection of essays, *The Living Novel*, Mr. Pritchett refused the role of literary critic; he described himself as "an expectant novelist," and said that he approached the fiction of the past more in the spirit of "the ordinary and doubtfully instructed reader." He said he went for what interested and stimulated him; that he would sooner skip to what he wanted, or ignore an issue, than miss the one or two things he was after. He put intensity of experience before everything else.

His new volume, containing thirty-four essays (nearly all of which have appeared in this paper), shows similar aims and interests, but with some new developments. Mr. Pritchett writes with no predetermined theory; he uses little of the current terminology of criticism; he has none of the fault he imputes to the later Mr. Koestler, of using "words as thought-saving gadgets from the ironmongery counter." He scarcely has a method. But yet he has a constant procedure, a cautious, affectionate, personal feeling after the unique quality of each book under review. He thinks of writing primarily as the expression and description of human experience, modes of vision, forms of behaviour. Yet it is curious that he hardly ever writes about poetry or the drama. The main reason for this limitation seems to be that (perhaps less by deliberate choice than by bias of mind and temperament) he has saturated himself in prose fiction as the dominant literary art of the time. Fascinated by the elasticity, variety and range of the novel, he has felt no need to go beyond it. "The novel," he says in one of these new essays, "seeks whom it may devour": and he explores

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by Patrick Hamilton. RU Ed. illustrated by Freda Nichols.

'It is to Mr. Hamilton that the social historian will go,' said *The Times Literary Supplement* of this story of a treacherous seaside romance. Others spoke of 'immense verve' and 'refreshing directness.' Authentic, taut, and brilliantly written by the author of *Rope*. CONSTABLE 12*s* 6*d*; RU 5*s*

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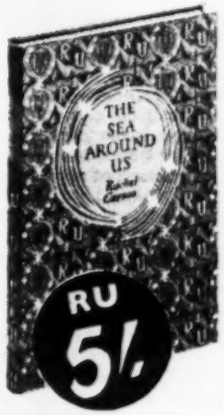

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by Pérez Galdós. Illustrated by Charles Mozley.

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every process of digestion, every attack on fresh kinds of food. Not only can prose fiction digest larger chunks of life; but the idiom and structure of the novel are nearer to untransmuted experience than those of any other form.

The scope of this new volume extends, not forwards into the discussion of other forms of literary art (the only poet is Clough, a verse novelist), but backwards into the many kinds of writing which do not fully claim to be literary art at all—journals, diaries, letters, note-books, and such ambiguous works as *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* and *The Journal to Stella*. Mr. Pritchett's real concern now becomes more openly clear; he is above all the analyst of the borderland between "life" and "art" where the creative element in living jostles the reporting element in literature. He focusses his interest on all writing which gives vital expression to a mood, or a situation. He asks in the essay on Dostoevsky "whether a good deal of our talk about the necessity of form and so on in the novel, is not, after all, nonsense." About short stories he asks: "Do you at the end of a story, feel that the lives of the people have ended with the drama of their situation? Do you feel that their lives were, in fact, not lives, but an idea? That is the artificial story." And he contrasts with these the other kind of stories of which the ends "open" and "the characters go on living." He is generally more interested in this surviving individuality (whether it is marked by custom and tradition, as with Maupassant's peasants, or by the "manias of the human solitude," which he finds in Dostoevsky or the comic characters of Dickens) than in the handling of life as a series of moments or patterns "running like a chain of raindrops upon the window."

In the literature of the borderland he observes Boswell stumbling "upon the vital discovery that experience is three parts hallucination"; and, by contrast, he sees that in the Henry James Note-Books the creative process has already begun, and that many of the "bright bits" "will be lost to life . . . in the forbidding structure of a work of art." In praising Jane Carlyle's letters he says: "She was too interested in hitting people off, and in keeping on top herself, for the novelist's life." He notices, especially in the essays on Gide and Mr. Koestler, how in our own time the pressure of fear and horror has confused "the boundaries of private and public life, what could still be fermented into art and what would run out raw into journalism."

Mr. Pritchett offers no nostrum by which to test whether fermentation has been successful; he works by example and quotation; the test can be made only in the detail of a passage. This is admirably illustrated in the treatment of Meredith, whose reliance upon epithet he sees as a "refusal of reality unless it was highly inflected." And he says of *One of Our Conquerors*: "The exhibitionist metaphors reduce a novel, which has a well-stated social theme, to the clownish." Or again, he sees Carlyle's "Biblical rhythms thumping in his head and the German absurdities cavorting inside him" as a technique of fostering egoism, in "the struggle to become not a citizen but a human being in an iron age"; and we are left with the feeling that in this struggle he failed. Through his discussions of style and of attitudes to themes Mr. Pritchett is always moving quietly and deftly towards the discovery of those unique qualities in each work and each writer which enlarge our own experience. Over and over again I find that his discoveries are to me revelations. The whole procedure is instantly sympathetic from the beginning; I am carried along, not wanting to agree or disagree, but to be shown.

The qualities which make Mr. Pritchett so successful in this kind of writing are many: a great natural talent for understanding human beings, strengthened by an unobtrusive knowledge of technical psychology; a knowledge of Europe based (as how rarely in Englishmen) on friendship and enjoyment, not on politics; a fine moral sensitiveness and hatred of shams (it is interesting to see in a writer so free of gadget-words how often the term "Protestant" occurs as a reference-point); a humanistic faith in the value of the individual. The fertility and precision of the images of his own writing always illuminate what he says of others': the novels of Wyndham Lewis, for example, "old block-busting guns and tanks skewed on the abandoned field, they stand still, fantastic without their thunder." Lastly, there is the combination of technical skill and patience which can, week after week, use so much authentic personal feeling and thought in what is, after all, a journalistic chore of two thousand words. Each essay is not only full of life, but a unity completed by labour and restraint, triumphing over the meagreness of opportunity which the times impose.

HUMPHRY HOUSE

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CASSELL

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Matters of Life and Death. By GEOFFREY MURRAY. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Religion, Philosophy and Psychical Research. By C. D. BROAD. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

Mr. Murray's book was written in the first instance to celebrate the effective legalisation of Spiritualism which, by the Act of 1951 was taken out of the legal categories of witchcraft and vagrancy and its publication coincided with the centenary of the first legal Spiritualist seances to be held in this country. The writer embarked on an exploratory expedition in that vast and vaguely defined territory, which stretches from psychical research to Spiritualism, and the present book is an account of what he found there. He attended Spiritualist seances, watched mediums and spiritual healers at work and observed the struggles of a medium possessed by an evil spirit. There are chapters on the organisation of Spiritualism and the spiritualist conceptions of heaven and hell.

Let me say at once that, so far as it goes, Mr. Murray's book is extremely well done. It is easy and agreeable to read and is singularly free from the nauseating gush and sentimentality by which so many spiritualist writings are pervaded. Two particular merits are, first, the careful distinction which he draws between psychical research which is the investigation of abnormal occurrences of all sorts and the kind of healing which has always been practised in the Christian Church which pre-supposes faith in the interventional power of God; and secondly, a detachment which is content to describe without comment. In a realm in which wishes so often take the place of evidence and men supply the place of knowledge by converting their conjectures into dogmas, Mr. Murray writes as calmly and objectively as if he were compiling a treatise on the multiplication table. In a final short chapter of eight pages he tentatively suggests certain conclusions of his own. These include a deepened respect for Spiritualists but no conviction of survival.

He notes the poverty of Spiritualist literature and its platitudinousness—so extreme that one is tempted to wonder whether, though ghosts may have souls, they have any brains. But he doesn't seem to be aware of the various theories to the effect that what survives as the originator of the messages is not the fully developed personality but is a detached fragment of psychical stuff, a psychological trace, it may be, or a persistent cluster of memories which survive for a time, while the true soul has passed elsewhere, has indeed passed, if religion is to be believed, into eternity. This is the kind of temporary survival which runs through classical literature and whose type is exemplified by the ghosts of Penelope's suitors, poor, witless, wraiths who would like a meal of good red blood to give them strength.

One of the first in this country to develop the possibility of such a view on psychological and scientific grounds was Professor Broad, according to whose "psychic factor" theory, the agency responsible for sending the messages is neither the surviving mind of the so-called dead person nor the mind of the medium, but a temporary "mindlet" emerging upon the combination of the medium's body with surviving psychological elements associated with the dead person. In reading Professor Broad's book, we move into a different atmosphere. It consists of selections from papers and lectures—the second such selection to be published in the last few months—written and delivered by him during the last thirty years. They are divided into three sections: religion, politics and psychical research, about half the book being devoted to the latter. Defending himself against the charge of writing about religion while being himself devoid of mystical or even religious experience, Professor Broad points out that his part in the matter is confined to "the appraisal of *arguments* which are held by those who use them to be either demonstrative or probable."

Professor Broad, who was formerly President of the S.P.R., may well have had a certain amount of first-hand experience of abnormal phenomena—he was indeed present at some of Professor Soal's experiments in card guessing with Mr. Shackleton which seemed, *prima facie*, to establish the fact of precognition—but he would, I dare say, use the same arguments in justification of his writings about psychical research. Together with Professor H. H. Price, he has done more than anybody else in this country to make psychical research philosophically if not scientifically respectable, and the initial paper in the present volume, entitled *The Relevance of Psychical Research to Philosophy*, does convincingly justify the interest which Professor Broad, as a philosopher, has himself taken in the subject, and constitutes something of a challenge to younger philosophers to pursue the connection. This is not the place for a discussion of the many issues involved, but what, in brief, the evidence of psychical research may be said to have done is to increase the difficulty of holding the epiphenomenal view of the mind as a function of the brain. At the same time, it would seem to diminish the likelihood of the mind surviving the brain by reason of the enlarged conception of the powers of the embodied human mind to which it seems to point.

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Seven Friends. By LOUIS MARLOW. *Richards Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

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>
> I am directing this to Radley—I suppose you are back there educating the masters. Write to me soon. Your friend O.

So Oscar Wilde wrote to the hero-worshipping public schoolboy that was Mr. Marlow in the Nineties. This small, unpretentious and wholly admirable book of memoirs keeps something of the flavour of the above extract all the way through. Mr. Marlow writes with friendly explosiveness of Frank Harris, and interestingly of the three brothers Powys. His final chapter is less a portrait than a critique of his friend Mr. Somerset Maugham and contains some of the best criticism that has yet been written on that writer.

Mr. Marlow describes Harris in his pirate habit as he lived—"the most remarkable literary blackguard of any century." His souvenirs of the great boaster, whether literary ("I can beat Maupassant!") or sexual ("Never a flash-in-the-pan!") make an amusing pendant to Hugh Kingsmill's biography. The 'character' of Aleister Crowley is no less meaty. Mr. Marlow is bent on giving us the happier side of Crowley's nature—Crowley as poet, gastronome, grand seigneur, bibliophile, enemy. ("*To a Slim Gilt Soul*, his lampoon on Alfred Douglas—Gilton, and Judas and Tartuffe, he calls him—is perhaps the best of these.") Whether drugging Theodore Dreiser with anhelonium, or elaborating his Five-Thousand-Year-Plan for civilising America, the Great Beast attains a rich flamboyance.

Yet, in the end, the most interesting exhibit in this book is the small collection of letters from Wilde—the one friend whom Mr. Marlow never actually met. They corresponded eagerly, the boy sending poems and photographs, Wilde directing his reading and his friendships. He recommends Paul Adam's *Basile and Sophie*, "a coloured Byzantine novel—very terrible and curious," and writes "I am very sorry you are in correspondence with ——. He is an infamous young swindler, and selected *me*—of all ruined people—to 'swindle out of money.'" In 1900 the young admirer was at Dieppe with a relative and arranged to call on Wilde at his hotel in Paris. Later, came a telegram putting him off. "Long after," Mr. Marlow writes, "Robert Ross told me that Wilde telegraphed because he was afraid of disillusioning me." Yet another of the thousand-and-one anecdotes that challenge the verdict of Mr. St. John Ervine's hysterical and un-Christian biography.

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NEW NOVELS

Among Women Only. By CESARE PAVESE. *Peter Owen.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

A Sea of Troubles. By MARGUERITE DURAS. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Night is Darkest. By GEORGES BERNANOS. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Secret Stream. By MARCEL AYMÉ. *Bodley Head.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

A typical figure in Italian literature today is the writer who is Marxist in idea and wholly, even slavishly, American in formation: a curious phenomenon, difficult to explain. It is as if Mr. Evelyn Waugh had spent long years in the study of Soviet authors, humbly striving to mould his style after theirs. And this Italian preoccupation is not only with the style but with the message, with, in fact, America. To writers struggling to portray distress and injustice and violence, Hemingway clearly would offer a welcome alternative to Italian rhetoric; but the same can hardly be said of, for example, William Faulkner and Gertrude Stein.

Pavese was one of these divided spirits. In the latter part of his life he turned against America; after his suicide a party comrade wrote in *Unità* "in him decadence was not a borderland but the very core of his life and art." Both charmers had proved a disappointment to him: and one has only to glance at the Diaries, wherein his deeper concerns appear, to be amazed that he ever took up with either. The novel *Among Women Only* (the Italian title *Tra Donne Sole* means something else) shows, however, no sign of these discontents.

The story is laid in Turin: the book is a withering indictment of the local rank and fashion. It is narrated by Clelia Oitrana who was born in the Turin slums and has since worked her way up, becoming a fashionable dress-maker and hanging about, ever alert for snubs, on the fringe of a society she detests and despises. The opening chapter describes the attempted suicide of Rosetta, the young daughter of rich parents; in the final one she tries it again and succeeds. Between the two incidents we see her with her friends and associates, living in a wilderness of cruelty, indifference and sham.

Readers who are not Marxists may feel some impatience with Pavese's black-and-white sketches of human beings. Yet the novel is a brilliant one. Short, pithy, even brutal sentences drive the narrative forward like so many light steps on a powerful accelerator. A whole scene, a train of reflection, is evoked in the fewest words. Some of the characters that flit through the story one seems to have met many, many times before. At a party given by the would-be-clever,

> a young man with a beard held the floor and defended an absent friend against the girls—a certain Pegi, who had shovelled snow on the avenues that winter: out of eccentricity, the girls said; to engage himself, the young man said.

One sees this Pegi, shovelling away for dear life, engaging himself and distracting others. One sees everything that Pavese wants seen, as vividly as if it were there. The pathos of Rosetta's mother is beautifully conveyed in her one or two brief appearances: like much else in the book it is an intimation of what Pavese might have grown to if, having chipped his way through the Communist shell, he had decided to live.

The misery depicted in *A Sea of Troubles* is that of the poor and harassed, not of the rich and secure. This very distinguished novel is by a young Frenchwoman and the scene is the Pacific coast of French Indo-China. The account the author gives of native life is terrible: in a passage concerning the children of the plain she writes:

> They died mainly of cholera which comes from eating green mangoes, but no one in the plain seemed to know this. Every year, in the mango season, one could see children perched on the branches or waiting hungrily under the trees and, during the following days, there would be more deaths than usual. And the next year others would take their place under the same mango trees and die in their turn, for the impatience of famished children, confronted with green mangoes, is eternal. Others drowned themselves in the river. Others still died of sunstroke or went blind. Others ate the same worms as the stray dogs and were choked to death.

The main theme of the book, however, is a less familiar one, the predicament of the poor White. An old Frenchwoman and Suzanne and Joseph, her children, are existing on the barren strip which, since they had no money for bribes, was allotted to them by the officials. Every year the ocean floods their land and destroys their crops. Once the old mother had the idea of building dykes to keep the ocean back, and her enthusiasm roused even the natives from their apathy so that they came in hundreds to help in the work. But crabs nibbled away at the dykes and waves beat upon them and when the flooding season came round they collapsed. From that day to the hour of her death the mother lives in a permanent rage.

Their bungalow is mortgaged: they live on rice and stew made from a fishy-meated fowl called the stilt-bird; their pleasures consist in a turn with an incredibly ancient motor-car or in playing over and over the same worn gramophone records. A delightfully comic interlude occurs when a rich but unprepossessing young man becomes enamoured of Suzanne, who plunders him with the helpless rapacity of her kind before sending him empty away. Joseph finds a rich woman for himself. The mother dies.

The only complaint to be made of this sensitive and original book is that it strikes rather too much on the one note. The drama of the dyke-building, the calamity of its failure, are past when the story opens, whereas they should have been used to give it both the shape and the tension that it lacks. None the less it is a work of art; and much praise is due to Miss Antonia White for a splendid translation.

After long prayerful meditation and a telephone call to the publisher, I am still at sea as to why Georges Bernanos ever penned the confused nonsense in *Night is Darkest*. It appears that he drafted it first as a film scenario; and it is difficult to believe that he ever intended publication in the present form. Lovers of that noble ardent mind will not be grateful to whoever advised it.

The only interesting thing about the book is that, according to the blurb, the ageing novelist Ganse is intended as a portrait of its author: that apparently Bernanos, to some of us an ideal of faith and passion, of a generosity which strikes the herd as lunatic ("*Ah ce pauvre Bernanos! C'est un exalté*," a Jesuit once remarked to me with a pitying contempt which defies description), saw himself as a blustering, inflated, envious mountebank. It would provide a subject for contemplation, if true; but I have no confidence even in that.

Marcel Aymé seems to be experiencing the fate of Dr. Jekyll, who found after a while that Mr. Hyde popped up without being sent for. More and more the whimsy comes creeping into stories which have set out with an air of innocence and good intention. *The Secret Stream* has excellent things in it, particularly in the comic vein, but the enjoyment of them is wiped out by successive waves of exasperation. The benevolent old lawyer who batters the servant-girl to death and

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obscenely mutilates her body is really too much; such things doubtless happen all the time in real life, but in literature they are absurd. Unhappily M. Aymé has collected a large whimsy audience about him; so that the prospects of his writing another little masterpiece like *Uranus* are meagre.

HONOR TRACY

EL CAMPESINO

Listen, Comrades. By EL CAMPESINO (VALENTIN GONZALEZ). *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Fifteen years ago the Spanish Civil War was at its height. The Republican forces were fighting bitterly for Teruel, a little township to the east of Madrid whose name meant a lot in those days, for it was at Teruel that the forces of freedom first took the offensive against Fascism. But Teruel, unfortunately, was only a flash in the pan. The Republicans did not hold it for long; Franco counter-attacked, and, after recapturing the town, he went on to cut Republican Spain into two. Foremost among the heroes of that gallant struggle, so we then thought, were the fighting units of the Spanish Communist Party, and it was a Communist General, El Campesino, the author of this book, who commanded the rearguard. It is a measure of the disillusioning process of history that we must now learn that Teruel was lost to freedom because the Spanish Communist Party withdrew artillery from the front. It happened to suit Communist tactics that the town should be lost and other sections of the People's Front discredited. Facts like this are not new. As long ago as 1938 Orwell in *Homage to Catalonia* described the double game the Spanish Communist Party were playing, but now Orwell's writings are confirmed by El Campesino himself. Being a Spaniard, he was a poor Marxist. He had too much of a romantic temperament and, what was worse, a sense of humour. He argued with Russian Generals and Spanish Communist leaders who wanted him to keep his distinctive beard because "[it] isn't your personal property. It belongs to the Spanish people, to the Revolution, to the International." After Franco's victory, he escaped to Russia, where he was sent to the Frunze Academy, the Red Army Staff College. One day he was asked at an examination which army was the best in the world. His answer, the German army, set him on the road leading to disgrace and Siberia.

Many people have been sent to Siberia, but El Campesino is an unusual man. He has lived to tell the tale: thanks firstly to his great physical strength and powers of endurance, but also to his ability to accept his lot philosophically while yet preserving his fierce desire for freedom. Like Weissberg in *The Conspiracy of Silence*, El Campesino has successfully run the gauntlet of the Soviet interrogation machine. He did not confess. But it is clear from his account that the majority who do, do so out of sheer weariness. The least likely to confess are foreigners, non-Communists, or those few Communists who have not been corrupted by the machine and can still see the point of resisting.

At the second attempt, El Campesino escaped from the U.S.S.R. He appeared in Paris as a witness in David Rousset's libel suit against the Communist weekly *Lettres Françaises*. There he gave his account of Soviet slave labour (which, for all the matter-of-factness with which he describes it, provides the most horrifying passages in this book) and of the disappearance of nearly 5,000 Spanish Communists in the U.S.S.R. He remains a convinced anti-Fascist. "But I do regret," he said, at the trial,

> profoundly and with all my heart having wished to impose on the Spanish Republican Zone the hegemony of the Communist Party and of Communism. Contact with Soviet Russia was to be for me the greatest deception, the greatest setback of my whole life.

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SHORTER REVIEWS

Blind White Fish in Persia. By ANTHONY SMITH. *Allen & Unwin.* 16*s.*

There are no blind white fish in Persia, at any rate not in the *qanats*, or underground waterways, where Mr. Anthony Smith hoped to find them. But he did discover, one day flashing his torch, a blind man not three feet distant; one area of tunnel revealed an old woman's praying ground; bats would come whistling towards and past him; fish with eyes, and a porcupine or two, were not out of the picture. Above ground the hunting was richer if less macabre: reptiles, for the most part, lizards, butterflies, jerboas, scorpions, and a bear promised but not realised. And hardly less meticulously this young Oxford naturalist sets out to explore the secret channels of Persian character. Polite deviousness, hospitality and distrust of the European had, he discovered, their limpid source: there was reason as well as weariness in a behaviour that had grown up round poverty. Carpet-making and opium crops were the two mainstays in those north-eastern districts where he visited: both on the decline. Other Mr. Smiths had cut the profits, and, what is more, grabbed the enormous wealth of oil: no wonder this Mr. Smith, chasing lizards, peering into *qanats*, and generally asking too many questions, was regarded as a spy. From the Persian point of view, that wasn't so dreadful; but there was always the interest—what, in Kirman, had he come to spy on?

Four of them, undergraduate scientists, had proposed the journey to the Oxford Exploration Society, had received a grant of £850, bought a secondhand truck, and undergone the fascination of desert roads, beard-growing and rapid fevers. The news that fighting had broken out in Korea tinged their first real escape from "civilisation." This is the usual time-lag of book-production: Korea, at the moment, is the stab-in-the-back of all travel writers who have disappeared, hoping perhaps to come back to a Europe busy signing the peace treaties. Mr. Smith has made a familiar, factual narrative of the whole journey, from the moment when it first presented itself as a Long Vac. spree to the return to an Oxford eager to hear all about it. It is quiet, cool, intelligent globe-trotting, not untinged by the sobriety of youth.

Elizabethan Lyrics. Edited by KENNETH MUIR. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is a selection of 200 short poems varying in date from Wyatt to the reign of James I, and in quality from Shakespeare's songs and sonnets to the pedestrian fourteeners of Tottel's Miscellany. Professor Muir's field has been well anthologised and it was not to be expected that he would make fresh discoveries. His long critical introduction is full of useful information and sound, if cautious, judgments—his high estimate of Sidney is interesting, but requires fuller treatment than space allows him—and the choice from among a multitude of varied sources has been made with taste and scholarship. One misses certain brief lyrics such as *The Silver Swan* and a set of words to the tune of *Greensleeves*; but there are no omissions among the justly famous and beautiful poems of this period which every reader will wish to find—*Call for the robin redbreast, Follow your saint, Fain would I change that note* and the rest.

It is difficult to see why the collections of A. H. Bullen are not referred to in the bibliography; nor should Oxford have been credited with Fulke Greville and Robert Greene. Greville was a Cambridge man, and Greene at least a very doubtful Oxonian.

Johnsonian and Other Essays and Reviews. By R. W. CHAPMAN. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

During a lifetime of devoted attention to the problems of minute literary scholarship, Dr. Chapman has twice gathered and published the shavings from his workshop; but only the dates on the title-pages reveal that thirty-three years separate this new book from the *Portrait of a Scholar*. Nothing has changed; the absorption in questions arising from the transmission of printed texts, the keen amateur interest in linguistics, the passion and watchfulness of the lexicographer. And the same precise, courtly style records it all. There is nothing he likes so well

as a problem, and the stories that warm his heart are all detective stories (see "The Making of the *Life of Johnson*") or progress reports from the academic race-track ("In Johnsonian studies we still lead, with something in hand; but in the modern study of Goldsmith's life and writings American scholars have almost everything to their credit"). As a true Johnsonian, he has concerned himself with topics which would have been of interest to the Doctor, and, if they represent only a tiny splinter of the Johnsonian sensibility and curiosity, who can complain?

Some readers will, of course. They will point out the frightening gulf between the satisfying completeness of Dr. Chapman's inquiries into matters of fact, and the feebleness of his interest in the fundamental questions of literary excellence (as evinced by the kind of "criticism" he is prepared to praise). Remembering that Dr. Chapman has been intimately concerned for many years with the study of English literature at Oxford, they may mutter to themselves the rhyme about the Philatelist Royal, who "Was always too loyal to say what he honestly Thought of philately."

Dynasty of Ironfounders. By ARTHUR RAISTRICK. *Longmans.* 30*s.*

Coalbrookdale, where Abraham Darby founded his ironworks in 1699, and was succeeded in management until 1851 by five generations of his family, has had its historians, from Samuel Smiles onwards. Dr. Raistrick, however, has had access to much material hitherto unpublished—account books and journals of the Company and private correspondence between the Darby and Reynolds families and many of the other great Quakers—Gurneys, Frys and Goldneys—who played their part in the industrial and commercial development of the eighteenth century. He makes a colourful story of the way in which the enterprise was faithfully nursed through many vicissitudes, from the small beginnings in which Abraham Darby I peddled his pots and kettles, to the great days when Coalbrookdale castings supplied the needs of Boulton and Watt, bridged the Severn, and later gave the Victorian Age its lamp-posts, park gates, rococo vases and statuary.

The Darbys emerge as admirable examples of humane, paternal industrialists: for instance, after the riots in 1756, we find Abraham Darby II eloquently petitioning the Lord Lieutenant for clemency on behalf of four of the ringleaders condemned for transportation (though the rioting had seriously alarmed his daughter Hannah). The work of the family as inventors is, of course, a familiar story; but one point is made by the author which may be new to many students of industrial history: in 1777, sixty years before Neilson, there is some evidence that Abraham Darby III—in many ways the greatest of the family—made experimental use of "hot blast."

People and Americans. By STANLEY WADE BARON. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The sub-title of this short slick book is "A Memoir of Transatlantic Tourists" of whom, whatever he may believe, the author is one. It is in fact this oneness with his characters that tends to rob the satire of some of its punch: we are not all the time sure whether the author is noticing how funny or nasty things are or not. For example, in the heart-throb on the last page, is he guying himself or writing straight? This element of uncertainty causes one to enjoy more particularly those pages which make fun of people who are English and therefore seen from a distance, such as Mrs Gape and the horrible G.I. bride Vera.

The gallery of American portraits is certainly characteristic. There is the dreary young couple all agog to meet famous and interesting people, without pausing to consider why they should ever want to meet them: four bright sparks (two of each kind) drifting about the Continent in a haze of drink and fornication: two elderly and mutually disparaging ladies who tour Wales in a flash: a literary celebrity, renowned for his attacks on others, yet expecting the greatest reverence for himself: and a gigolo with a heart of gold. But taken as a whole they are camera studies rather than the drawings of an artist in irony; and for those probably numerous readers who would go to any lengths to avoid meeting them in real life, there will be no great charm in finding them ably represented on the printed page.

North Country Life in the Eighteenth Century. By EDWARD HUGHES. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

This fascinating and important book is described by the author as a series of studies based on the recent discovery of a large collection of local manuscripts. The documents consist mainly of the correspondence, account books and papers of "Black William" Cotesworth, originally a tallow-chandler, who became the lord of the manors of Gateshead and Whickham in the early eighteenth century. The chief value of the find lies in the light it throws on the gradual transition on Tyneside from a semi-feudal society to an industrial economy founded on coal; and so the fullest and most absorbing of the studies are of farming and politics, of the mercantile community of Tyneside, of the early attempts of coal-owners, agents, shippers and London dealers at combination, and of the close relationship between the coal trade and the local landed interest.

On the skilful and exuberant editing of this new material one would venture only a few minor criticisms. The territory covered is only a fraction of "the North Country"; the author quotes his sources at such length that he often allows himself little room for comment; and—though perhaps understandably—he is inclined to post-date the social and economic revolution which is his theme. A similar volume on West Cumberland is promised later.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,201

Set by Epsilon

Telephone subscribers in Berlin, on dialling a certain number, hear suggestions for a menu and instructions how to cook it. Competitors are asked to imagine, in not more than 150 words, what one of the following would advise in such circumstances: Parson Woodforde, the Rev. Sidney Smith, Mrs. Beeton, Brillat-Savarin, Ambrose Heath, Philip Harben, Lord Woolton, or Cyril Connolly. Entries by March 10.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,198

Set by Pibwob

It is generally asserted that the myth-making faculty of the ancient Greeks is a lost art. Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to invent a myth about the Flying Saucers. Limit, 150 words.

Report by Pibwob

So far as inventiveness is concerned, competitors showed that the myth-making faculty is by no means a lost art, but they generally failed to invest their narratives with the glamour or terror of the authentic myths. As might be expected, the Saucers were explained in many instances literally as saucers, generally sent flying by angry or sportive gods or winged for helping the export trade. Chariot wheels, haloes, a god's disobedient daughters, tear-drops, quoits and shields in the old tradition were popular. Among the ingenious suggestions were milk-bottle tops, a sombrero, fragments of brain, moonbeam children, blobs of spittle, a god's kisses and golden plum-stones.

Guy Kendall's otherwise excellent entry had unfortunately to be disqualified for exceeding the limit by forty words. Two guineas to H. C. Williams, whose entry approached most nearly to the spirit of the genuine myth. A guinea each to the four others printed below.

Long, long ago the tortoise, being then without shell, was the swiftest living creature. Mercury, journeying on the earth, heard of its fame, and challenged it to a race. The tortoise won and, in anger, Mercury punished its presumption by condemning it to the perpetual burden of a shell. Later, feeling contrite, Mercury agreed that tortoises should discard their shells at the gateway of death. The shells were used to adorn the walls of Mercury's palace in the country of the gods.

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But Jupiter liked it not and was angry. What was done could not be undone, so he declared that every time a mortal reached the speed of sound—the speed of the gods—the crashing of the sound-barrier should shake one shell from the walls and send, spinning into space, a "flying saucer."

H. C. WILLIAMS

After Apollo and Hermes were reconciled the friendship between them waxed great, and the young god never wearied in the services he rendered to his elder.

Hence, upon a day appointed by Zeus for the holding of a chariot-race between the gods, Hermes arose betimes and removed the linch-pins from every chariot except that of Apollo, who alone completed the circuit of the heavens, since all chariot-wheels but his were hurled into space.

Then Zeus, the father of Hermes, was exceeding wroth; and taking his son's winged hat he cast it to the winds. Whereupon Hermes, in no wise troubled, flew after his hat and retrieved it, together with most of the chariot-wheels. But some, either through indolence or malice, he let go their ways; and it is to these, still winging through the heavens, that mortals today have given the name, "Flying Saucers."

G. J. BLUNDELL

Juno was so annoyed by the Danaë affair (when Jupiter arrived home she'd thought of the most delicious things to speed him on before he resumed his proper shape), that she went to Venus for some beauty hints, and thereafter bathed daily in milk.

Several thousand years later she noticed a Milky Way stretching across the firmament. Aquarius protested that he was not as young as he used to be, and anyway milk wasn't in his contract.

"Then let it be brought in bottles!" Juno snapped.

Quite recently Ganymede queried, in full council, what should be done with the accumulating milk-bottle tops.

"Dump them on one of the planets!" said Juno.

"Which one?" Ganymede enquired.

Mercury, Venus, Mars, Pluto and Saturn bridled. Jupiter prompted dangerously, "Tell us, my dear!"

"As you wish," smiled Juno. "Tellus it shall be."

ELAINE MORGAN

King Cotylus had five daughters of surpassing beauty. Many were their suitors, but in vain, for they were devoted to Artemis and sworn to eternal virginity. One day while hunting in the forest they encountered Bacchus, who, captivated by such loveliness, gave immediate chase. The maidens contrived to make good their escape to their father's palace; but fearing to offend a god so powerful they invited their pursuer to tea. Reflecting further that even this beverage might not suffice to cool the ardour of that passionate deity, on his arrival they poured their tea into their saucers and noisily drank it up. Much disconcerted Bacchus shortly after made his excuses and departed. As a reward for their signal constancy and resourcefulness Artemis translated them to heaven as the Cotylides or flying saucers. Their appearances are unpredictable but beneficent, and it is useless to pursue them for they can never be overtaken.

DAVUS

When Danaë heard of Acrisio's death, her mind, already afflicted, gave way. She repaired to the old Brass Tower where she sat alone, idly playing with golden discuses. Occasionally, from some small aperture in the circular wall, she would throw away a handful, exclaiming, "Go, find Jove and be my love's messengers." Alas, they fell on the ground and were stolen.

By this sorely afflicted, Perseus journeyed to the sacred Oak grove, waiting there several nights till Jove spoke to him in a dream. He came away with the assurance that the Brass Tower and its recluse would find place on Mount Olympus, amongst the Immortals; while each discus sent forth would fly round the Earth and come home to roost. Thus could Danaë dream anew her golden dream.

And so it came to pass that fortunate mortals have seen, with sacred awe and wonderment, shining round objects fly by.

M. F. P. M.

CHESS: The Game that Wasn't Played

No. 178

Most of us, usually, have more cause to be pleased with the moves we might have made than with those we did make. I am sure Vicky would agree when thinking of his valiant French Defence against C. H. O'D. Alexander in the recent T.V. match.

(1) P-K4	P-K3	(7) Q-Kt4	P-KKt3
(2) P-Q4	P-Q4	(8) Kt-KB3	KKt-K2
(3) Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(9) Q-B4	Q-B2
(4) P-K5	P-QB4	(10) Q-B6?!	R-KKt1
(5) P-QR3	B x Kt	(11) Kt-KKt5	Kt-B4
(6) P x B	Kt-QB3	(12) P-KKt4	Kt-R3

Had Vicky dared to go in for (12) . . . P x P, (13) P x Kt, Kt x P he could have caused fantastic complications (though Alexander might have weathered the storm by B-Q2)

(13) Kt x RP	Kt x KtP	(14) Q-R4	R-Kt2

Here again, the bolder (14) . . . QKt x KP, (15) P x Kt, Q x P ch would have caused complications almost too cruel to be inflicted on a simultaneous performer. As it happened, Vicky did sacrifice the wrong Knight (KKt!) too late, should have lost, but won through an oversight of his opponent. Otherwise, Alexander's performance was magnificent against a very strong field, including some champions, ex-champions, and other notabilities in various walks of life, such as a Peer of the Realm and a bus-conductor, famous as an amateur pastry-cook and specialist in wedding-cakes. Here is Alexander's dashing win against charming young Peggy Wood (H.B.'s daughter), British girl champion.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(3) P-B4	P-Q4
(2) Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(4) P x KP	Kt x P
(5) P-Q3	Kt x Kt	(12) B x P ch!	K x B
(6) P x Kt	Kt-B3	(13) Q-R5 ch	K-Kt1
(7) Kt-B3	B-K2	(14) Q-B7 ch	K-R2
(8) P-Q4	O-O	(15) B-R6!	B-B3
(9) B-Q3	R-K1	(16) B x P	B x B
(10) O-O	P-B3	(17) Q-Kt6 ch	K-R1
(11) Kt-R4	P x P	(18) R-B7	resigns

An interesting suggestion comes from F. A. Amies and others who want me to organise a game among readers of this column. Since I could not easily pair them alphabetically (as has been suggested) it shall be done like this: Londoners to play the rest of the World, and this office being in London we shall give the others the courtesy of the move which should reach me within the next few days. Every Wednesday afternoon (starting March 4) I will decide the respective move according to the majority vote and let no one grumble about a bad move who has failed to exercise his democratic right to influence the decision. As I shall have rarely more space for this than a line in the competition report to announce the latest move, players had better keep their own score of the game. I hope we shall all live to see the end of it.

A: Capablanca 1914

In this week's competition the usual 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White proceeded to win the Black QBP. He was instantly punished for such greed. How? **B** is a 2-mover classic which might please our much neglected problem-addicts. It should be fairly rated with 5 ladder-points; but **C**—White to win—is rather more difficult than it looks. It may well be underrated with 7 points.

B: Heathcote

C: V. Bron 1948

Usual prizes. Entries by March 9.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set February 7

A: (1) Kt-K7 ch, Q x Kt. (2) Q x RP ch, K x Q. (3) R-R5 ch, K-Kt1. (4) R-R8 mate.

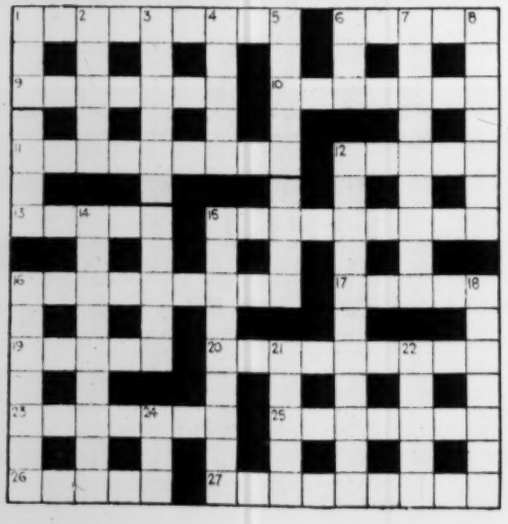
B: (1) K-B2, R-Q1. (2) B-B5 ch, K-R7. (3) B-Kt5, K-R8! (4) B-B4, R-Q2. (5) B-Kt4 etc.
if (3) . . . R-Q4. (4) B-B4 ch, K-R1. (5) B-Kt4.

C: (1) K-K3, P-Kt6. (2) P-KB4! P-Kt7. (3) K-K2! P-B7. (4) K-B2 etc.
if (3) . . . K-Kt7. (4) R-KKt7 ch, K-R7 (best). (5) R-QKt7, P-B7. (6) K-B2, K-R6. (7) K-B3, K-R7. (8) R x P etc.

Many competitors stumped by **C**. Prizes shared by T. Jones, M. Kaye, B. Lodge, S. D. Moppet.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 37



ACROSS

1. The hill produces a harvest when the soil is broken on it (9).
6. It takes a final effort to make this river work (5).
9. The weapon to reduce a girl (7).
10. Like Myshkin (7).
11. Reparation makes the tenant love me (9).
12. Brush and what to do with it (5).
13. Good argument for a nationalist (5).
15. Study of what was recently affixed to a letter? (9).
16. Query in loads of mixed deceit (9).
17. Stick and do not declare (5).
19. The spirit of North London (5).
20. He showed how water could help the spinners (9).
23. Operatic correspondent (7).
25. "Not —— an —— succeeds, but Harry Harry" (*Henry IV, pt. 2*) (7).
26. He wrote about Münchausen (5).
27. The planes for trumpeters (9).

DOWN

1. Maid's light? (3, 4).
2. Share cut short in proportion (5).
3. It ensures that devotion has a turn (6, 5).
4. I sell a French product (5).
5. "This way and that dividing the ——" (*Tennyson*) (5, 4).
6. Here is a combine (3).
7. Precaution to prevent a split (9).
8. Suffering cry from the dock (7).
12. This warning is very short notice (11).
14. Sends down about the envoys (9)
15. Spread to support an entrance (9).
16. Less exciting praise (7).
18. Marks of a decoration in money (7).
21. He is spied in drinking (5).
22. Less than a scruple (5).
24. The curse in *Great Expectations* (3).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 36

H	I	L	L	B	I	L	L	Y	■	Q	U	A	C	K
A	■	I	■	A	■	I	■	E	■	U	■	S	■	I
S	O	B	E	R	E	D	■	S	P	A	R	T	A	N
T	■	E	■	B	■	O	■	T	■	R	■	A	■	G
E	A	R	W	I	G	■	P	E	A	R	L	I	E	S
N	■	I	■	C	■	D	■	R	Y	■	R	■	L	■
■	V	A	G	A	B	O	N	D	S	■	S	E	R	E
S	■	■	■	N	■	V	■	A	■	L	■	■	■	Y
P	O	S	E	■	V	E	R	Y	L	I	G	H	T	■
E	■	O	■	U	■	R	■	S	■	F	■	A	■	W
C	O	L	O	N	I	S	T	■	D	E	L	U	G	E
T	■	A	■	I	■	O	■	B	■	T	■	L	■	L
R	E	C	I	T	A	L	■	A	B	I	G	A	I	L
A	■	E	■	E	■	L	■	M	■	G	■	E	■	■
L	O	D	E	S	■	S	P	I	N	E	L	E	S	S

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MISCELLANEOUS

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SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Nursery 10gns., K.G. 15gns., Junior and Senior Schools 18gns. The School has a small group of weekly boarders and there are two or three vacancies at present. Boarding charge 25gns. per term in addition to tuition fees.

FORTIS Green School, 68 Fortis Green, N.2, co-educational progressive, independent, day and weekly boarding school: children 2-12 yrs. Recognised by Min. of Ed. Spacious grounds, small classes, individual work, project method, outdoor activities; pupils sit common entrance exam. 11+.

THE Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs. A happy purposeful community of a dozen adults and 50 children aged from 4-13. Recog. by Min. of Educ. Fees £140 to £165 p.a.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38-40 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3. PRI. 4306. Boarding School: Temporarily Hampstead. Boys and Girls. Recognised Ministry of Education. Realistic Modern Approach. Preparation for exams. E. Paul, Ph.D. R. D. Gardner, N.F.U.

SIDCOT School, Winscombe, Somerset (in Mendip Hills) Co-educational boarding school under Quaker management. 11-18 years.) Early application for vacancies in 1953 to Headmaster.

STANBRIDGE School offers something unique in the education of boys from 10 to 18, in a gracious and civilised atmosphere. Graduate Staff give individual attention to a maximum of 50 boys. Curriculum to G.C.E. (Ordinary & Advanced), including a wide study of the Arts. Games, Swimming and Camping. Prospectus from The Principal, Stanbridge Earls, Romsey, Hants.

Who are the unusual men?

IN ALL CITIES, in nearly all states, there are men and women who stand apart from the herd. They are indifferently called the intelligentsia, highbrows, revolutionaries, reactionaries. What is meant is that they think.

To put in the hands of these unusual people a newspaper like the Manchester Guardian is to marry true minds. These lively-minded people have no hunger for huge type, for slick make-up, for whimsy, flimsy, the flamboyant or baroque. Their need is to know what of importance is happening in the world.

They respect good writing and good reporting. To them, as to the Manchester Guardian, facts are sacred.

To these fortunately not-so-few, the daily reading of the Manchester Guardian is a deep pleasure. Perhaps you will try the Manchester Guardian and find how it gradually endears itself to you.

If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to: The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. requires Producer of Further Education Programmes, Talks Department to plan and produce such programmes for adult and adolescent audiences at different educational levels. Good educational background, lively interest in Further Education techniques, imagination and teaching sense are essential, although teaching experience is not demanded. Experience of youth club work or similar interests would be an asset. The work involves field work and provides scope for ideas and experiment in presentation and technique within the range of educational broadcasting. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,065 per annum maximum. Write to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, for further particulars, marking letter 'P.F.E. N.Stm.' and enclosing stamped add. envelope. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer within 14 days of date of this advertisement.

NATIONAL Library of Scotland: Keeper of Printed Books. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for this pensionable post. Age at least 30 on June 1, 1953. Candidates must have a University degree with First or Second Class Honours, or a higher degree, and suitable experience. Inclusive Salary £1,317-£1,520 for a man, rather less for a woman. Further particulars from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1; quoting 4187/53. Application forms to be returned by March 9, 1953.

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers, Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1953. Interviews will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1953, may eventually be announced. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science; in Biology the number of vacancies is small. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officers posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1953 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31; for Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1953 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers (men) £812-£1,022; (women) £681-£917; Scientific Officers (men) £440-£707; (women) £440-£576; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men) £440-£655; (women) £440-£576. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/53 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/53, S.128/53 for the other posts.

FINNART House School, Oatlands Drive, Weybridge. Appointment of Resident Housemaster. Applications are invited for the post of Housemaster at this Home Office Junior Approved School for 63 boys. The successful applicant will be required to organise and supervise the leisure time activities of the boys and to assist with matters relating to their general welfare. A Social Science Diploma or other recognised and appropriate qualifications desirable. Salary £305 by £15 to £480, then by £20 to £570 per annum. Initial salary will be between £305 and £400 according to age on appointment. (Salary increase under review.) Single accommodation only available, for which a charge of £78 per annum will be made. Applic. forms from Headmaster, Finnart House School, Oatlands Drive, Weybridge, Surrey.

EDUCATED woman wanted in April to take responsibility for domestic side of Teachers' Training College in the country (50 resident women students). Good catering experience & knowledge of home nursing necessary. Salary from £255×£15—£300, with residence. Applics., giving qualifications & experience, by March 10 to The Warden, Offley Place, nr. Hitchin, Herts.

N.U.S. require Senior Assistant in Vacation Work Department. Preferably not over 30. Salary—minimum £300 p.a. For details and application forms write: Vacation Work Organiser, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

NATIONAL Union of Students requires experienced & Energetic Manager to take charge of Book Department. For further particulars and application form write: General Secy., N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HAMPSHIRE County Council. Deputy Superintendent required at Red Hatch Remand Home for Girls, Winchester. Experience with adolescent delinquent girls essential. Salary: £270×£12—£420 p.a. according to qualifications and experience, with £40 p.a. special responsibility allowance and £52 p.a. for extraneous duties. £78 p.a. is deducted from salary for board and lodging. Application forms from the under-signed at The Castle, Winchester. Amicia Carroll, County Children's Officer.

WEST Sussex County Council. Applications are invited from single men and women for the positions of Assistant House Father and Assistant House Mother at Littlegreen, Compton, the County Council's Home for 65 normal but deprived children. Littlegreen is run on "family" lines, each "family" (a group of 16 boys or girls with an age range 2-15 years) being the joint responsibility of an Assistant House Mother and an Assistant House Father. Friendly, non-institutional atmosphere. Applicants should be interested in the special needs of children separated from their homes and should either hold the Home Office Child Care Certificate or have had previous experience in the residential care of children. Salary in each case £278 4s. per annum from which £75 8s. will be deducted for board and lodging. Good holidays. Forms of application and further particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. Closing date two weeks after the appearance of this advertisement. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Care Committee. Applications are invited for the following appointments: Two Resident Foster Mothers or one Resident Foster Mother and one Resident Foster Father at Children's Home, Long House, Long Handborough. (No accommodation for married couples.) One Resident Assistant Foster Mother at Caldicott House, Shillingford Homes, Warborough. Salaries: Foster Mothers and Foster Father £266 10s. per annum. Assistant Foster Mother £250 18s. per annum. All salaries are less £85 16s. per annum board lodging charge, plus 15s. per week overtime paid in accordance with Ancillary Staff Council conditions of service. Preference will be given to persons with Home Office training or other recognised qualifications in social work. Appointments subject to satisfactory medical examinations, including X-ray of the chest. Application forms obtainable from County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford, and should be returned as soon as possible. F. G. Scott, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

NORTHERN Ireland. Londonderry High School req. for September 1 (1) a well qualified Domestic Science Mistress. As this post may be a Department Headship, good exper. is desirable. (2) A Geography Mistress. For candidates from Great Britain, a bonus towards travelling expenses may be available. Apply Head Mistress as soon as possible.

SHEFFIELD Council of Social Service. Wanted: qualified and experienced Caseworker; ability to train students, will also act as Assistant Secretary to the Council. Salary to be discussed, but not less than £500 per annum. Apply, giving two testimonials and one referee, to The General Secretary, 155, Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1.

PROFESSIONAL organisation requires competent shorthand-typist to act as personal secretary; a well-educated beginner with good speeds would be considered. Salary according to age and experience. Apply immediately to the Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, W.1.

WORKERS' Organisation has vacancy for yng. woman translator bi-lingual French/English. Shorthand/typing. Box 7241.

PART-TIME Organising Secretary reqd. for Lambeth Civic Society. Ability to take minutes, prepare agenda, arrange publicity, etc. Honorarium: £175 p.a. Details exper., background, testimonials: Box 7145.

PROGRESSIVE Posts are available for intelligent women with typewriting and/or shorthand. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38, Parliament Street, S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

WANTED, in small voluntary children's home of deprived children (some difficult), assistant and mother's help, together or separately. Apply Casewell, Horseshoe Lodge, Warsash, Hants. Locksheath 2387.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EDUCATED lady (25) expd., good speeds, knowl. French, German, seeks sectl. job. Attractive pt.-time consid. Box 7040.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

LADY, 32, with bus. experience and domesticated, shs. interesting post (2 children at Boarding School). Colindale 2751.

SEC. shthnd-typist Fr./Eng. free from 3 p.m. 3 days week. Prof. or author, transln. Own machine avail. Tel. FIN. 4520 evs.

MAN, 40, bookish, meticulous, tactful, seeks interesting job. Expd. bookselling, research. Other preoccupations history, drama, politics. Box 7045.

SHORTHAND-typist, good educ. & general culture, wants part-time work, pref. connected with science or sociology; could do ghosting or help with research. Box 7031.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

TEACHER of French, subsid. English, fully qualified and expd., wishes change to progressive school. South pref. Box 7155.

YOUNG woman, graduate, spirit still unbroken after 12 yrs. Civil Service, unable move from London with Department, wants job with human interest. Exper. staff admin., office organisation; languages; offers hard work, enthusiasm & considerable ability to "cope" for opportunity with prospects. Box 7110.

ADAPTABLE man, 26, Philology Ph.D., math., musician, unable continue research financial straits, would consider anything London area. Box 7242.

WHERE TO STAY

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5*gns.* wkly. Summer terms 6*gns.* Robertsbridge 148.

WEST Coast of Ireland. Book now for Spring & Summer holidays. Avondale House, Mallaranny, Co. Mayo.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful mountain valley near Betws-y-Coed. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 6½*gns.* Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

S. DEVON. Overlooking Start Bay. An 18th century country house in beautiful surroundings. Every comf., excellent food. Bathing, sailing, fishing. Now booking for Easter & Summer. White Ladies, Stoke Fleming. Tel. Stoke Fleming 246.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court. W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gardens, Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. 6*gns.*, 7-8 *gns.* June onwards. 8-9*gns.* August.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House in loveliest beauty-spot, sea and country, on S. Coast. 3 minutes sandy beach; H. & C.; Continental cooking; children welcomed. Golding, 52 Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Spring is the time to enjoy the country. Low terms Apl./June. Good food. Comfort. One visit and you will come again. Te Whare Hotel, Horam (Eastbourne Line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

SNOWDONIA. Sygun Fawr Hospice, Nr. Beddgelert. Private centre for walkers, climbers & families. Finely situated. Good food, hot baths, £4 17s. 6*d.* wk. incl. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

BORROWDALE, Keswick, Leathes Cottage. Comfortable guest house. H. & C. all bedrooms. Central heating. On bus route. Centre for the high hills, near Derwentwater.

PEMBROKESHIRE. — Mrs. Williams, "Maendewi Farm," Rhodiad, St. David's. Good food, mod. convs., beach 1½ miles.

EXMOOR. Sea. Guests. Lovely views, farm produce. Holmes, Westwood, Lynton.

IRELAND—Country hotel in lovely Connemara. Modern sanitation. H.C. in bedrooms. Abundant well cooked meals. Private bathing beach. Boating, fishing, motor trips arranged. Brochure on request. Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Connemara, Galway.

SPAIN: Costa Brava. Small modern pension facing sea. H/C water, good cooking. Write: Bella Costa, Llafranch, Gerona.

TOURING in Ireland? You should spend some time at Skryne Castle, Tara, Co. Meath. Comfortable country guest house, 25 miles from Dublin.

LAKE Garda, Italy. Hotel Centrale, Fasano (Gardone Riviera). The small hotel with the increasing reputation for service & food. Pension 23s. daily, incl. service. English spoken. For details please write Box 6912.

DEVON, Woolacombe. "Sea-View" guesthouse for carefree homely holiday. Phone 44. Bathe from house, ideal surf-riding, tennis. H. & C. all bedrms. Int. sprung mattresses. Mod. terms. Mrs. G. Garness. (Also furn. bungalow to let Apr., May, June.)

C'WALL, Castle Rock Hotel (AA-RAC), Port Isaac for Position, Food, Comf., Enjoyment. Reduced tms. Easter/July 6-7*gns.* High season 8-8½*gns.* Broch. Tel. 219.

CÔTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with 1st class French cuisine. All modern comforts. Own cabin cruiser and car. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

STEANBRIDGE. Quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley welcomes people of all nationalities; unspoilt country; home-grown produce; breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. (Tel.: Painswick 2312).

N. C'WALL Coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands 5 mins. H. & C. No extras. Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

TINTAGEL (tel. 57) Cornwall, Trethevy Hotel. Wonderful sea view, comf. rooms (h. & c.), home ckg., reas. terms. Brochure.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comf. accom., beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce, 5½*gns.*, special terms for family party. Tel. Pendine 226, Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

CORNWALL, Beulah Hotel, Port Isaac (NS), outstanding position overlooking bay, excellent food, modern comforts, moderate terms, brochure. (Tel. 227.)

WHERE TO STAY—continued

BULB time in Holland. Pension Kampman, 10 Schafferstraat, Noordwijk-Aan-Zee. Excellent centre. Good accom. and food.

"FINEST All-Season Climate." Write for town/N informative Brochures (21 illus.). Heated twin rooms 4½ £6½*gns.*, incl. "extras." Singles £5 18s. up. Convalescents welcome. Rec. by readers, also members Rotary, Toc H, W.V.S. Meat/fish/vegetarian. Well apptd. Normanhurst, P/hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best pos., full S; opp. covered walk. 3-mile Prom. Nr. Sun-lounge orchestra; curative baths. Hastings 4784.

SWISS Holiday. Hotel Moy, Oberhofen on Lake Thun, offers special 10-day terms of £15 all inclusive for front room with balcony from May 1 to July 15 and in September and October. Prospectus on request.

GUEST house on Costa Brava for those preferring quiet private house atmosphere. Good cuisine, good wine, sun, perfect scenery, lovely garden. Full particulars from John Langdon-Davies, Casa Rovira, San Feliu de Guixols, Gerona, Spain.

N. WALES. A few paying guests taken in old manor house. Magnificent views of Snowdonia, 3 miles sea, own tennis & fishing on estate, use of library. Own produce, every comfort. Terms 7*gns.* inclusive. Use of car by arrangement. Box 7108.

DEVON & Cornwall. Ideal early holidays. Comf. Guest Hses. From £5 5s. wk. inc. Brochure 18 free: Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish.

MIEDERS, Tyrol, Austria. Hotel Letchenhof. 40 mins. bus ride from Innsbruck. Big garden, swimming bath and tennis court nr. hotel. Lovely Spring flowers, excel. ckg. May and June Austr. Sch. 55.-p.d., July & August Austr. Sch. 60.-, taxes & serv. incl.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Spring is here. Remarkably sheltered. Log fires. Jersey milk. Open all the year. Golf St. Enodoc. Salmon, trout in season. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Port Quinn, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne. Excellent cuisine and all personal comforts guaranteed. Book now. Adults 9-12*gns.* Manageress, Mrs. Accles. Port Isaac 234.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position, ideal for Winter and Spring Holidays. Rye 2216.

DARTMOOR, within easy reach of coast. Walking, fishing, golf, riding and tennis available. Lovely garden, good food, home produce. Coombe Cross Hotel, Bovey Tracey.

WHY not visit the Lake District for your holiday this year? Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers magnificent views, attractive food and comfort in friendly atmosphere. Conferences and parties welcome. Anne Horner. Phone 508.

TAKE advantage of the Cold War between the Hoteliers of Chagford, Devon, and write for competitive terms, from the Secretary, Chagford Hotels Association.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's unique hotel where you find lovely food (special diets if necessary), every comfort and informal atmosphere. Sharpthorne 17.

ROSELAND, Cornwall. Small comf. Guest House on sea edge. Quiet. Lovely scenery and sands. Safe bathing. Own poultry and garden produce. Mrs. Job, "Tirva," Veryan.

CO. GALWAY, Clifden, Rock Glen Hotel. A.A., R.I.A.C., I.T.B. Country hse, touring centre for 12 Bens of Connemara. Broch.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt.-Commdr. H. C. Selby.

ENGLISH Lakes. Highly recommended—sunny spacious rooms, "Dorchester," 17 Southey St., Keswick.

CORNWALL, comf. bungalow. Full/pt. brd. 4-5 p.gs. Gd. food, sandy coves, cliffs. Tyrell, Sanctum, Beacon, St. Agnes.

CONNEMARA, Eire. Seaside farmhouse accommodation, recommended; 5*gns.* weekly. Mrs. Nee, Renvyle, Co. Galway.

SWITZERLAND. Hotel Pension Landte, Oberhofen a/Thunersee. Small Hotel directly by Lake. Very mod. Families welc.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea. H. & C. bedrooms. Farm produce, excel. food. Mod.

PENARTH. Vegetarian Guest Ho. S. Wales Coast. Ideal sitn. Plsant, hol. resort. Avail. Summer Schls/Retreats/Confnces, &c.

FARM Holidays: 1953 Guide describing "Britain's Best Farm Houses." Pages of pictures. 2s. 8*d.* post free. Farm Guide, Dept. NSN, 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

CROFT House, Burcot, Oxon. Oxford 8 miles. Ideal for winter residence, convalescence. C. Htg. Fishing, tennis, billiards. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. Clifton Hampden 232.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. 3s. 6*d.*, postage 2*d.*, from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet Street, Torquay.

COSSINGTON Guest House, nr. Bridgwater, Somerset. Excel. food & bedding. Easy access sea, golf, fishing. Max. 5½*gns.*

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

UNIV. tutors, G.E.C. & degree, day & evening, 20 Berwyn, S.E.24. TUL. 4352.

CORONATION Year students joining the Langham Secretarial College before Summer Term will receive an extra month's tuition free of charge for tours and background lectures. Enrol now. Vacancies limited. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. (MAY. 2904.)

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

HOLIDAY Music Course at Over-Seas House, St. James's, London. April 8-12 inclusive. Director: Arthur Jacobs. Lecturers include Sir Adrian Boult, Alec Robertson and David Franklin. Five concerts (Royal Festival Hall, etc.) included in fee £3 (non-residential). Enquiries and enrolment: Major J. K. Golightley, Overseas House, St. James's, London, S.W.1.

DRAMA Schools, Three Arts Centre, London, W.1. (April 7-15, 4½*gns.*); (May 9-10, £1 15s.). (July 27-Aug. 7, 5½*gns.*). (Evg. school, Aug. 10-21, 4½*gns.*). Dir.: Marian Naylor. Acting technique, Speech, Mime & Movement, Production, Make-up. Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

POTTERY in Bath at Easter. Course begins March 30 until April 10. Fee £10 10s. non-resident. Particulars from John Shelly, Bath Pottery, 39 Gay Street, Bath.

FOREST School Children's Camps (co-educational). Free course for new staff, April 2 to 9. Apply Secretary, 233 Connaught Road, Luton, Beds.

PHILATELY

KNOW Your Stamps! Sound knowledge means buying the right items at the right prices! Make sure of your copy of "The Philatelic Magazine," 6*d.* fortnightly, from your newsagent or stamp shop.

BOOKS on Stamps! Unrivalled stock of current literature covering every branch of philately. Also wide range of albums, etc. Write, call or 'phone! Harris, 29, Buckingham Street, W.C.2. (Tel.: TRA. 4477.)

PERSONAL

DENTIST'S wife, two children (15 & 7 years), invalid mother, requires help with household duties. Daily help kept. Would suit foreign girl, part-time student. Very near University Reading. Box 6894.

FLUTE for Sale. Cocus wood, by Rudall, Carte of London. Supreme condition. £60. Box 7176.

WANTED, sleeping accommodation, small party London boys, girls, 9/13 years. Hut, barn, camp, similar, sea or country. Two weeks July/August. Reas. Box 6992.

TO let for short holidays: furn. cottage on N. Devon coast. Partics. Box 6911.

FURNISHED holiday houses on little-known Spanish island, from 3*gns.* weekly. Metravels, 27 Steele's Rd., N.W.3.

HOUSEKEEPER companion with own interests wanted in spring by elderly literary lady, living modern flat. Box 6913.

TWO male students, 24, sk. Easter vacation work. Anything consid. Box 6910.

NEWSPAPER Company, planning production of Atomics Magazine of world-wide appeal, reqs. capital to acquire old-established printing firm. Would consider editorial post or directorship for investor. Box 6969.

A SHOT in the Dark. Man seeks propositions in any congenial (perhaps unexpected) sphere. Own car and tiny capital. No ties. Problem solver and inveterate sampler of the unorthodox. Wide technical/industrial experience. Inventor. Practical interest in the Arts, Publicity, Stage, Travel and kindred subjects. Quick enthusiasm for any rewarding work. Box 7127.

COMPANIONABLE Sailing Holiday with tuition. South Devon. August. Four Winds, Highfield, Letchworth.

TARRAGONA, Spain and other Continental holidays, e.g., Paris (£14 3s.). C. Rackett, Bonhams, Yapton, Sussex.

TWO capable ladies sk. post abroad/trav./for passage. Anything/anywhere. Box 6888.

NORFOLK Broads. Gentleman would like to hear from another interested in week's motor-cruiser holiday May. Nominal expenses only. Ideal sketching. Box 6855.

SCHOOLGIRL, 15, Grammar Vth Form, industrious, intelligent, reliable, seeks residential post with family for Easter and Summer holidays. Clerical, library help, anything considered. Refs. exchanged. Box 5802.

CHILDREN over 9 yrs. Emergency, short/long stays. 15s. dy. Epping 2513 evs.

GOSLAR, fine old Imperial city in the Harz Mountains. 2 weeks in a wonderful old monastery, with fine gardens, and modern accommodation, £27 10s. E.T.A. Tours, 357 Strand, London, W.C.2.

MAJORCA, house nr sea; b. & b., 2*gns.* wk.; S.a.e.: F., 9 Oakley St., S.W.3.

INTERNATIONAL Socialist Youth Camp. Opatija Bay, Yugoslavia. July 20-August 3, £22. Other holidays at Socialist centres. Apply International Union of Socialist Youth, 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. Abb. 6894.

PERSONAL—continued

SPRING Ski-ing. There are still a few vacancies in our parties to Obergurgl, March 14 and 28. Hochsoelden, April 2. 3rd class sleepers available. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

ACCOMMODATION available for conferences and summer schools at Halls of Residence in Cottingham during the months of July, August & Sept., 1953. Further partics. from Registrar, University College, Hull.

YNG. lady music student, Jewish (17), sks. similar with view to taking & sharing 50-50 basis flat Baker St. area. Box 7103.

OFFERED: Small sunny bed-sit. room, elec. fire, kettle, linen, phone, in exchange help in house during holidays. Box 7097.

CHAPPELL Baby Grand. Excel. cdtn. £150. Douglas, 42 Regent St., Leamington Spa.

BACHELOR schoolmaster seeks permanent home for holidays. Willing to assist in garden, farm, etc. Offers to Box 7051.

PART-time voluntary philanthropic or social work wanted by lady, resident S. Wilts/Hants border. Administrative, organising, visiting, secretl. Exps. Own car. Box 7042.

TWO gentlemen and a lady desire acquaintance of another lady (age 30-40, happy disposition) to make up party of four for Continental holidays end July, rail or motoring. Box 6892.

EDINBURGH Festival. Jewish girl 25 sks. similar as companion. 1 wk. Box 6890.

EASTER Tours. Provence-Riviera. 10-day tour, walking and sightseeing: Avignon, Arles, Les Baux, Cassis, La Ciotat. £28 15s. Paris, 8-day holiday. Pension in Latin Quarter. Full programme of sightseeing, all expenses covered £20. Italy, Rome, Perugia, Florence, Verona, Venice. 16-day tour for £42. Luxembourg. Youth hostel walking tour of 10 days' duration for £18 10s. Ski-ing holidays in Switzerland and Austria. Ramblers' Association Services, 48 (D8) Park Rd., Baker St., London, N.W.1.

A SPECIAL low-cost visit to Florence-Pisa-Siena-Rome has been arranged for educationists, art lovers, etc. 15 days 31*gns.* departing April 2, August 7 and 30. Details (s.a.e.): E.T.A., c/o World University Service, 59 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

SEE Yugoslavia. . . New Country for British Tourists: Bled, £34 15s., Opatija £36 15s., Rab £38 15s. Coach & Boat Tour, Slovenia, Croatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina and the Dalmatian Coast, £47 10s. Coach Tour, Bled-Zagreb-Belgrade, Sarajevo-Mostar-Dubrovnik-Split-Opatija, 51*gns.*, and many other attractive tours. Free Holidays granted to Party Organisers (16 or more Tourists). Send now for Free Illustrated Brochure. See Yugoslavia, Ltd., Dept. N.S., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. MUSeum 9351/2.

2-4 wks. holiday in France on Home to Home Exch. basis, 10*gns.* incl. retn. fare London-Paris. For yng. people (aged 10-25); Easter, Summer, Dets.: Mrs. Robertson's E.T.S., 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

EASTER week Cornwall with Cockaigne Club; 8 guineas incl.; transport provided. Summer camping tour South-West France, details s.a.e. Box 7260.

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PERSONAL—continued

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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PERSONAL—continued

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of February "Plebs," "Transport: A Tory Step Backward," by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Woodburn, M.P.; "Who Says There's Been No Progress?", by G. J. V. Horsman; "Keep 'Em Ignorant!", by Frank Allaun; "University Bias in Education," by J. P. M. Millar; "Corporal Punishment"; "This Wicked World," by J. P. M. Millar; "New Problems for European Socialism," by André Philip. "Plebs" cost 6*d.*, by post 7½*d.*, or 7*s.* per year. From the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in five languages, Pages for Practice, "Translator's Commentary," Competitions and articles. 1*s.* monthly from newsagents, or 13*s.* yearly, including postage to any country, from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

"PARIS To-day" by Eric Whelpton 10*s.* 6*d.* net. Readers agree this book saves money. From any bookseller, published by Rockliff, Salisbury Square, E.C.4.

"BRITONS Visit Hungary": Authentic information by recent visitors to Hungary (Dean of Canterbury, Rev. P. P. Levertoff, D.D., Armour Milne, etc.). Illustd. 6*d.* from bookshops or the British Hungarian Friendship Soc., 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5*s.* 4*d.*, from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

SCARCE & Out-of-print Books searched for; New Books supplied quickly; Catalogues issued. Wanted: Transition; Horizon—odds & runs; also similar Literary Journals; Libraries & Review copies purchased. Fisher & Sperr, Booksellers, 46 Highgate High St., London, N.6. MOU 7244.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

"TRISTRAM & Iseult." Complete translation in the Celtic Cornish language—the actual language of King Arthur. 6*s.* 6*d.* and 8*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. A. S. D. Smith, Moncens, Budleigh Salterton.

BOOKS on all subjects and of all periods. Write for lists—please state interests. Cecil Woolf, 24 Victoria Sq., S.W.1.

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READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Royal Office Typewriter, as-new; "New Statesman," January, 1946, to June, 1950, offers; "N.S. & N.," 1950/1/2, offers; Almost complete set of copies "N.S. & N." since April, 1947—offers; Tenor Saxophone, B flat René Guenot, excellent condition, £35.

WANTED: "Scrutiny," Vols. I to XIV inclusive, preferably complete, also Vol. XVI, No. 4; Handbook Marxism; Masaryk: Spirit Russia; Science of Life, Wells; Huxley and Wells; Italian Linguaphone.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

PRINCES Tem 6596. Evgs. 7.45. Wed. 2.30. Sat. 5.30, 8.30. Constance Cummings, Sam Wanamaker, in "The Shrike." "Gripping . . terrific . . you must see it." N.O.W.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evs. (ex. Mon.) 7. St. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Father." Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Twice nightly (except Monday), 7.30 & 10.30 (Sundays 6.30 & 9.30). The famous Victorian Melodrama "The Drunkard." Membership 5s. yearly. "We put up a magnificent performance. We heartily booed and hissed the plotting of the dastardly Lawyer Cribbs (Frederick Peisley). We groaned at Sally Cooper's anguish as the village maiden who married into such misery. We cheered the manly sentiments of the hero (David Markham) and tried desperately to snatch him back from the drunken road to ruin."—Daily Mail. "It has some excellent comic relief in the fashion of the time, and on this occasion an excellent natural comedian, Mr. Anthony Snell, to make this effective."—The Times. "This burlesque revival of a bad old American temperance drama is the best thing the Irving Theatre has done for many a day."—News Chronicle. "Miss Hermione Gingold bawled out witticisms and jeered and cheered along with the rest of the audience at The Drunkard."—Daily Mirror. "Anthony Snell as a worthy rustic caught best the right style of seriousness."—Daily Telegraph. "Try and get along one night to join in this out-of-the-ordinary chunk of fun, you will enjoy it immensely."—Sporting Review. "The production, by the villain himself, Frederick Peisley, is unalloyed pleasure."—Tatler. "A production which might well run until the Coronation."—What's On.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). Last Perf. "Bridge of Life." Sun. New Political Revue, "Turn It Up!" opens Mar. 6, Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems.

BEN Uri Drama Group presents "Overruled" and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," by G. B. Shaw. Monday, March 2, at 7.30 p.m., at King George's Hall, Adeline Place, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1 (2 mins. Tottenham Ct. Rd. Station). Tickets 2s. 6d. 10s. 6d. at door or in advance. (WEL. 3001).

"PLAYGOER'S Record & Theatre Gallery Guide" for the impecunious aesthete. A record of plays seen and guide to the cheapest seats in London's theatres and in repertory theatres throughout Britain. Introduction by Peter Ustinov. From booksellers, stationers 3s. 1d., or 3s. 4d. post free from publishers Alan Delgado, Ltd., 14 Bryanston St., London, W.1.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sun., Mar. 1 to Wed., Mar. 4, 6.15, 8.30. Wed., Mat. 2.30 (Mems. only). Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy." Sat., Feb. 28, open to public. 3-dimensional films, "Royal River," etc. Doors 12. Details membership: British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Clair Season. Until Mar. 1: "An Italian Straw Hat" (U). Fr. Mar. 2: "A Nous La Liberté" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Mar. 1, 7.30, "All Roads Lead to Rome" (U).

LEWISHAM Film Soc., HIT. 1611. Ravensbourne Rest., opp. Catford Tn. Hall. Tonight Feb. 28, 7.15, "Italian Straw Hat."

FANCY Dress (optional) Dance, February 28, 7 p.m., Abbey Community Centre, 29, Marsham St., S.W.1 (88 bus). Adm. 4s. Vegetarian Social Club.

SAILING Barge moored adj. Tower Pier. Glencoe Arts Club. Poetry Reading, Wed., March 4 at 8.30. George Barker, Donald Hall, John Fairfax, John Lamming & Paddy Dyer. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 2s 6d. Bar open daily 5-11. Dancing every Sat. & Wed. except for the 4th. ROY. 1653. Life class every Sat. 2-4.30.

DANCING in a friendly atmosphere tomorrow Sunday 7.30-11 p.m. at the Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2, for members and friends. First class band. Hungarian food and drinks.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening party at Tate Gallery to see "The Art of Mexico" exhibition. March 3, 8-11 p.m. Members tickets 10s. 6d., guests 13s. 6d. (including refreshments). Membership from 1gn. Apply C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sat., March 14, at 6 p.m., Handel's "Messiah" in its entirety with original accompaniments. London Choral Society. Kalmar Chamber Orch. John Tobin. 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. WATerloo 3191 & Agents.

BEETHOVEN-BARTOK. The Queen Mary Hall Music Club presents 5th Concert in Series, Wed., March 4, 7.30. Aeolian String Quartet. Beethoven Op. 18, No. 1, 59, No. 1; Bartok No. 5. Seats 4s., 2s. 6d. Box Office, Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Gt. Russell St., MUS. 7512.

EXHIBITIONS

OPPOSING Forces. Paintings by Sam Francis, Georges Mathieu, Henri Michaux, Alfonso Osorio, Jackson Pollock, Jean-Paul Riopelle, Iaroslav Serpan. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Daily 11-6. Sat. 11-5.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings of Cyprus by G. Pol Georghiou and Paintings by Fritz Winter. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. British and French Contemporaries: a selection from Mr. R. May's collection; and Paintings by André Dauchant.

NEW Burlington Gallery, Ent. Old Burlington St., W.1. W.I.A.C. Annual Exhibition of Paintings & Sculpture. Feb. 20 to March 10 incl., open 10-6 daily incl. Sats., Tues. & Thurs. 10-8.

DRAWINGS for Pictures. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 7. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Adm. free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, London, W.1. Pottery and Ceramics by Wolfgang Meyer-Michael.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council, Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3. Spring Exhibition: Oils & Sculpture, 2.30-6.30 daily. Sundays, 11-5. Closing March 8.

IRVING Galls., 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Dennis James, Water Colours, Jane Moore, Oils. Feb. 28-Mch. 21, 10-5 (Sat. 10-12).

100 works by Polish graphic artist Tadeusz Kulisiewicz at the A.I.A. Galleries, 15 Lisle Street, W.C.2. March 3-21, daily 11-6 incl. Sats. Adm. free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Jack Smith, and Ten Young Artists. Last week.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Wonder & Horror of the Human Head. Opens Mar. 6. Dly. 11-6. Sats. 11-5. Sunday 2-6.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Exhibitions of recent paintings by Alan Reynolds; Fred Uhlman; and important Pointillist Paintings Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Ending March 21.

YOUNG Contemporaries, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., February 25-March 10. Daily 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sundays 2-6 p.m.

1953 House & Garden colours for interior decoration, shown at a special exhibition of interiors at the House & Garden Decoration Centre, 16 Grafton St., W.1. Adm. free Mon-Fri 10-5; Sat., 10-12.30.

BUILDING in the Netherlands. Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, W.1. Till March 28. Mondays-Fridays 10-7. Saturdays 10-5. Admission free.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Opposite St. Martin's Theatre and the Ivy. Paintings by James Dring. March 4-25, 11-7, incl. Sats.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square. James Cant—recent paintings. Feb. 22-March 22.

THE Hanover Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. New Paintings by Peter Foldes. Drawings and Engravings by Mario Prassinos. Until March 6.

REMBRANDT'S Influence in the 17th Century. Loan Exhibition at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond Street, 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until April 2. Adm. 2s. 6d., in aid of the victims of the Dutch floods.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Important French Masters of the 19th and 20th Cent. Recent Purchases. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. J. M. W. Turner, R.A. 1775-1851. 11-6, Sundays 2-6, Closed Mondays.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Mon., Mar. 2, 8.30. Elsa Verghis & Margaret Rawlings in a recital of Contemporary Greek Poetry with Translations at Egyptian Institute, 4 Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon Street, W.1. Mems. 2s., guests 3s. Fri., Mar. 6, 8.30. "They hate Modern Art." Illus. Lecture by Alfred Barr of the Museum of Modern Art. Chairman: Sir John Rothenstein at Victoria & Albert Museum (Ent. Exhibition Road). Mems. 2s., guests 3s. Tickets must be obtained in advance from I.C.A. Sat., Mar. 7, 8.30. Discussion on "Young Contemporaries" in the Exhib. at R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., W.C.2. Speakers will incl. John Berger, David Sylvester, Toni del Renzio. Chairman: Neville Wallis. Mems. 2s., guests 3s. Students 1s.

THE World We Want For Our Children! Has your organisation elected a delegate to discuss and plan this at Second National Assembly of Women? Sun., March 8, St. Pancras and Hammersmith Town Halls, 10.30-5.30. Any group of 12 women can send a delegate. Details: N.A.W., 58 Berners St., W.1. MUSeum 9750.

FINSBURY Art Group (Chair: Eric Newton). Brains Trust at Finsbury Public Library, Skinner St., E.C.1, 8.15 Mon., March 2. G. Delbianco, Basil Jonzen, F. E. McWilliam, John Berger. 2s. Members free.

DISCUSSION—Physician, Priest, Craftsman or Philosopher? March 6, 8.15 p.m. All welc. No collns. London Br., Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "The Nature of Politics" will be given by Bertrand de Jouvenel at 5 p.m. on March 10 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "The Courts and Domestic Tribunals" will be given by The Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Morris at 5.30 p.m. on March 10 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

WAR with China? Lord Stansgate, Compton Mackenzie, R. H. Crossman, M.P., Donald Soper, Kingsley Martin, Emrys Hughes, M.P., Dr. Shelvankar & F. Jafri. Peace with China Council Meeting, Kingsway Hall, Mon., March 2, 7 p.m. Adm. free.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. At 7 p.m. Four lectures "Between the Elizabeths": March 3—The Landscape: H. F. Clark. March 12—The People: Stella Mary Pearce. March 17—The Homes: Elizabeth Martin-Clarke. March 24—The Arts: Eric Newton.

"CORONATION and Royal Regalia." A lecture will be given by Dorothy Giles for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Mar. 2, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Mar. 7, at 6 p.m. Frank Beswick: "The Possibilities of World Government."

"HOW the House of Commons Works": Eric Taylor will speak at a meeting of the London & National Society for Women's Service on Fri., March 6 at 7 p.m. at The Alliance Hall, Palmer St., Westminster. Adm. free—silver collection.

ALL Nations Social Club. A One Evening Conference. "Peace in Our Time??" Frank Beswick, M.P. (Lab.), Rev. Claude Coltman, Brigadier Prior-Palmer, M.P. (Cons.), Caxton Hall, S.W.1, 8 p.m., Mon., March 2. Questions and Discussion. Non-mems., 1s. 6d. at door.

PUBLIC debate: "That The Policy of Pacifism Is The Only Practical Alternative To The Policy Of War." Proposer, Peace Pledge Union (H. Garling). Opposer, Socialist Party of Great Britain (A. Turner). At Greenford Library, Greenford. Thursday, March 5, 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

"SAVE Africa." Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., Fenner Brockway, M.P., Canon L. J. Collins, Dr. Marcus James. Chair: Wilfred Fienburgh, M.P., Fri. March 6, 7.45, Archway Central Hall, Archway Rd., N.19 (Opp. Archway Tube Stn., Northern Line). Hornsey Labour Pty., Highgate Ward. Free.

BARBARA Castle, M.P., and Jon Kimche on "Socialist Policy and Middle Eastern Oil," Kingsway Hall, Sat., March 14, 2.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. from Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

FORUM on Germany: Heinrich Fraenkel, Hugh Schonfield, John Elton. Park Chapel, Crouch Hill, N.8. Thr. Mar. 5, 7.30.

"IN China To-day." Emrys Hughes, M.P. on his recent visit. Ealing Town Hall, Wed., March 4, 8 p.m. Admission free.

NATIONAL Dances of Poland: talk by Peter Brinson; films, Fri., Mar. 6, 8 p.m., for tickets apply: Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. LAN. 1417.

J. GUILFOYLE Williams: "Dreaming and Dreams." Younger Discussion Group (Hampstead Ethical Soc.), Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, corner Hampstead Hill Gardens, Mon., March 2, 8 p.m.

"LIFE in Soviet Russia." Questions answered by former citizens. Chenil Galleries, adj. Chelsea Tn. Hall, Kings Rd., S.W.5. Mon., March 16, 8 p.m. Adm. free.

I.L.P. Day School on Yugoslavia: A. Sokorac, Yugoslav Press Counsellor, Montague Hotel, W.C.1. March 8, 3.30-8.30.

"WHAT United Nations Are Doing For Women." Discussion March 3, 6.45 p.m. Caxton Hall, S.W. Dame Vera Laughton-Mathews (Chairman), Mrs. Ambrose Applebe, Mrs. Jessie Street, Dr. H. King, M.P., representatives from Pakistan 6 Point Group meeting. Admission Free.

PEGASUS Theatre Society. Sunday, March 1, 7.30, Oak Room, Arts Theatre, W.C.2. Professor J. Isaacs on Max Reinhardt. Open to non-members.

VIRGINIA Fleming: "Mankind is one, and men should be respected." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, March 1, at 11 a.m.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. March 1. "Overcoming Karma." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Road, Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Station, near Devonshire Terrace, Craven Road.

SOVIET Clinical Medicine. A. MacPherson. Tuesday, March 3, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Admission 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.)

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Mar. 1: Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Left Tradition." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. Inter-Monthly Debate on "Was the Prague Trial Anti-Semitic?" at Cora Hotel, Thurs. March 5 at 7.30. Members and friends only. For reservation please 'phone WEL. 0136.

A WORLD Jewish Congress Jewish Forum: "World Jewry—Co-ordination or Unity?" Speakers: B. B. Gillis, Israel Fienstein, Anglo-Israeli Club, 43-44 Great Windmill St., W.1. Tues. March 3, 8 p.m.

MAURICE Orbach, M.P., N.W. London Fabian Meeting at King Alfred School, North End Rd., N.W.11, on Thurs. March 5 at 8 p.m. (210 bus from Golders Green Stn.).

"BELIEF in God and the Problem of Human Suffering"—Address by Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., at Sunday Service, March 1st at 11.30 a.m. at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., March 4 at 7.30 p.m. Lady Hendy, L.C.C.: "The Comprehensive School" at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7 p.m. Tuesday, Mar. 3. Major A. H. Reynolds, "Corporal Punishment." Adm. free Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Fri., Feb. 27. J. B. Gibson, B.A., LL.B., "A New Mortality."

"ROLE and Structure of Polish Trade Unions."—Fri., Feb. 27, 7.45, Stewart Farrar will speak and answer questions. Chairman: Jack Ryan (A.U.B.T.W.). All welcome. Refmts. British-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1.

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SCIENCE for Peace Annual Conference, Sat. (2.30) & Sun., Mar. 14-15, Holborn Hall, W.C.1. Opening spkr.: Dr. R. L. M. Synge, F.R.S. "The Scientist's Responsibilities." All scientists welc. 5s at door or dets. from Hon. Sec., 49 Flower Lane, N.W.7.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Weekend School, March 13-15, 1953, at Beatrice Webb House, Pasture Wood, Holmbury St. Mary, Nr. Dorking, Surrey, on "Shaping Public Opinion." Speakers will include David Butler, F. J. Joss, John Huntley. Full particulars from Miss J. Brewster, 97 Belgrave Road, S.W.1. Tel. VIC. 3024.

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